

THE NATIVE SHOWDOWN • SUPERSTAR DIRECTOR ROBERT LEPAGE

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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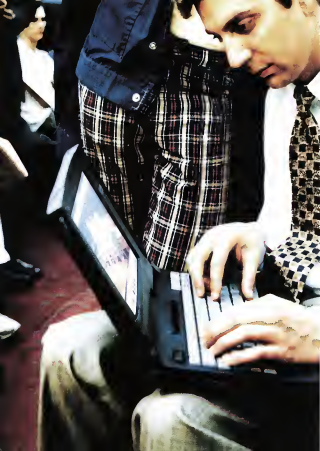
BERNARDO:

THE UNTOLD STORY

THE MAKING
OF A
MURDERER

WHERE THE
POLICE WENT
WRONG





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SEPTEMBER 11, 1995 VOL. 108 NO. 37

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The untold story

18 After four months, the jury in the trial of Paul Bernardo reached its verdict: guilty on all nine charges, including first-degree murder in the sex killings of Leslie Mahaly and Kristin French. With that, the spells were finally free to pass a father, even more disturbing portraits of Bernardo—and to ask troubling questions about the police investigation into the case.

Showdown

26 The confrontation between RCMP officers and militant natives at Gustafsen Lake, B.C., caps a hot summer of Indian protest, and underlines divisions between established native leaders and angry, disaffected activists.



The visionary

56 He has stunned audiences all over the world with his direction of theatrical works—some of which he has written and performed in. He has even designed a rock extravaganza. And now Quebec City's Robert Lepage has added another triumph to his career, a powerful feature film called *La confession*.



A star is born

72 In 1957, Pierre Berton was well established as a journalist. But in an excerpt from *My Life*, his new memoirs, he recounts how his involvement in two popular television shows that debuted that year—*First Page Challenge* and *Close-Up*—suddenly turned him into a national celebrity.



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OPENING NOTES

Up, up and away with advertising

For it's popular Simpson fame is taking off, and not just in the ratings. Since June, giant cartoon figures of Homer, Marge and their three bratty children, Bart, Lisa and Maggie, have appeared on the sides of a Western Pacific Airlines jumbo jet, one of the carrier's eight such "flying billboards." Notable advertising is not new of course: companies have long painted their messages on buses and trucks and, more rarely, on airplanes. But now, one airline is taking the trend to new heights. When Ed Beavens, head of the Colorado Springs-based Western Pacific, launched the seasonal airline last spring, he decided to carry ads on the



Western Pacific jets, "flying billboards" for a resort and The Simpsons TV show

company's entire fleet of 737-300s. For a hotel, a college and a resort town have put their messages on the Western Pacific planes. But the RV is ad—with Marge's blue hair and Bart's mischievous grin—the best—has attracted the most attention. "It's been wild," says company spokeswoman Sharon Kott. "We get queries from China, Australia, places we never fly to. People call and want to book a flight on the Simpsons' airplane." And what about passengers who are not Simpsons' fans? Well, as Kott might say, "Don't have a cow man." There is always Tooty Toad, Jason Arnette's Mickey Mouse plane.

A festival of barbed remarks

They are both icons of the film industry—and neither has been known to shy away from a good public brawl. So there was much anticipation in Montreal last week when the organizers of the city's 74th annual *5th Festival* persuaded Ed Robert Lauro, Canada's premier environmentalist and a former president of Hollywood's Motion Picture Association of America, to sit on the same panel. They were supposed to talk about the infamous fight on the infamous highway. Instead, they traded barbs about Canada's attempt to attain the 50th wave of American movies that threaten to invade the industry around the world.

Montrealers fight over cultural products

"When your policy is to bully your neighbor, don't be surprised if he bites back to protect himself," Lauro remarked. He was referring to Canada's content rules on television and radio, as well as Canada's consumer efforts to ensure that cultural products remain outside the purview of international arrangements like the North American Free Trade Agreement. Lauro, a Canadian who had received a free of Toronto-based Alliance Com-



Off the beaten track

In the age of superstars and, some travelers still prefer the more leisurely pace of the non—especially when they can sit their own route. For the first time, the eight-year-old American Association of Private Railroad Car Owners is holding its annual convention in Canada this week. 30 private railroads will explore some of the most scenic rail lines in Western Canada, including stretches usually reserved for freight trains. Two lines, one originating in Chicago with 12 stops at the con and the other in Los Angeles with the remaining 23, will meet at Nelson, B.C. before moving on to Cranbrook, B.C., to visit the Canadian Mountain Rail Tourist. The railroads then travel to Lake Louise, Alta. for a banquet, before doubling back to Vancouver.

During their week-long journey, they will get a rare glimpse of Canada's parts of their route. Haven't seen it all yet? Don't worry. The 1990s. Even the section of the CP Rail main line will bring travel from Lake Louise to Vancouver has not had regular passenger train service since 1971. Given that the passenger trains have taken the southern route through

the mountains, James and Jasper. Clark Johnson, a computer consultant from Minneapolis who organized the convention, decided to reveal how much the association paid or paid for the night to travel on its tracks. Still, Johnson, who owns an old car that he refurbished in the early 1980s, says that CP Rail management was helpful, especially when it came to arranging travel through the crowded Rogers Pass. The golden age of rail travel here is all but lost for those who can pay the freight!

Johnson, private cars



WORD FOR WORD

In any language, a case of 'abuse'

What started out as a routine child custody case in America, Tex., has angered Hispanic leaders in the United States and spawned a debate over bilingual child-care. Earlier this summer, State District Judge Samuel Kiser told Maria

Lauro and daughter 'bilingual'



Lauro, 29, a bilingual Mexican-American, that she was "abusing" her five-year-old daughter by speaking Spanish to her, and he advised Lauro to speak only English at home. The judge issued his ruling after Timothy Garco, who was seeking unopposed visitation rights with his daughter, complained that she was not proficient in English. In court, Kiser told Lauro that she was "abusing" her daughter by speaking Spanish to her. "After a public outcry, Kiser backed down—a little. He apologized to housewives everywhere, 'since we engaged our personal possessions and our family's written to these hard-working people.' But otherwise, Kiser stood by his statements. Except from his comments:

"If she starts lost grade with the other children and cannot even speak the language that the teachers and others speak and she's a full-blooded Mexican citizen, you're abusing that child and you're violating her to the point of abusing English. To that child, because if she doesn't do good in school, then I can remove her because it's not in her best interest to be ignorant."

"You are not good talking about what's best for your daughter, but you're not even teach a five-year-old child how to speak English. And then you expect her to go off to school and educate herself and be able to learn how to make a living. Now, that is borderline abuse."

Asking the penny-pincher to stick around

Since Confederation, the finance minister has proven a graveyard for many a promising politician. It is difficult to be popular while pinching pennies and raising taxes. John Chretien, who was federal finance minister from 1977 to 1979, is no exception. Although a John Pollard, the finance minister for the Northwest Territories for the past four years, Pollard, who was first elected in 1967, has announced that he will quit his job in the next territorial election, scheduled for Oct. 30, that when business leaders in his Hay River riding, on the northern shore of Great Slave Lake, heard his plans, they convinced a petition asking him to reconsider. Although he never knew how close he had visited a graveyard as finance

minister, they quickly gathered 800 signatures in the 6,000-person community. "Hay River needs him and he is a proponent," says local newsmen, as area developers who led the petition or questionnaire. "And judging by the number of people who signed the letter, there was a general consensus on that." So far, however, Pollard has not been persuaded to run again. After two terms in the N.W.T. legislature, he is planning a private two-year term as mayor of Hay River. Pollard, 52, says he wants to spend more time with his wife, Ellen, and three two school-age children. Finance ministers, like rock stars, don't always leave fast.

Edited by BARBARA WICKSON



Pollard leaves

BEST-SELLERS

- PACIFIC**
1. *The Gelfinque Prescriptions*, Joan Didion (1)
 2. *The Piano Works*, Timothy Findley (6)
 3. *Memoirs*, Douglas Coupland (4)
 4. *Therapy*, David Lloyd (2)
 5. *Revelations*, Robert Harris (10)
 6. *The Bridges of Madison County*, Robert James Waller (3)
 7. *Breakfast, Not Lunch* (20)
 8. *From Port Arthur*, Arthur Connell (2)
 9. *Memphis*, John Jay (2)
 10. *The Return of Martin Luther King* (1)

(1) Fiction best-seller

- HOMERUN**
1. *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, John Grisham (2)
 2. *When the Sun Goes Down*, Jeffrey M. Mowbray (1)
 3. *City Limits*, William Golding (1)
 4. *Exile*, John Jay (1)
 5. *New Passages*, Gail Skelly (2)
 6. *Capitol's Morning Glory*, Sharon Bantz (1)
 7. *An Acknowledgment of Mary*, Oliver Sacks (1)
 8. *Being Dying*, Richard Wright (1)
 9. *Forgiveness of the Gods*, Graham Greene (1)

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PASSAGES

IMPROVING: Rhonda G. Tucker, 35, and her seventh husband, former construction worker Larry Fortinsky, 42, whose she married in 1993, three years after the couple met at the Terry Ford Center for drug and alcohol treatment near Palm Springs, Calif. "We both need our own life while" the couple said in a joint



statement: "We both hope this is only temporary." One of Hollywood's most glamorous stars, Fortinsky has been married eight times, having met Richard Burton twice

RETIRED: Northwest Territories attorney general, leader, McElroy Courtenay, 55, to seek the leadership of the Northwest Territories, which manages the landowners' settlement of the 3,500 landowners of the Western Arctic. Courtenay, who became the first woman elected to the N.W.T. legislature in 1995, was elected provincial leader by fellow legislators in the non-partisan body in 1997. Saying it is time for "new blood" in the government, Courtenay said she will not contest the N.W.T. election, the last before the 4-million-square-kilometer territory is broken into two separate bodies.

DIED: Newfoundland singer Arthur Scarsdale, 44, whose 1958 hit *The Spanglers* found a new life in the province's home. Edwards, in St. John's.

DISCLOSED: That a heart attack killed Gerald David led to a drug and alcohol treatment center near San Francisco last week, according to a newspaper report. The center is so named that Garco had recently used heroin, but that he did not die on an overdose.

APPOINTED: Toronto Globe and Mail managing editor John Grisham, 42, as editor of The Vancouver Sun, the largest newspaper in the Southwest.

DIED: British cartoonist Cliff Giffes, 74, who became a subject of interest during the Second World War and whose family owned drawings were later syndicated around the world, in London.

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AN AMERICAN VIEW



The moral bankruptcy of America in the '90s

BY FRED BRUNING

The mother is tormented by accounts of the murder-by thoughts of a son striding her 35-year-old daughter on a bridge over the Detroit River as the young woman plunges in to freshwater waters, as the eager tale overtook her, of the terror Delia's World must have experienced as, visible to even, she drew a final breath and lost hold on life. "I can not feel it," said her mother, Doris World. "My baby was down there by herself. How could they be so cruel?"

What can explain the fury of the young man who allegedly attacked Delia's World after a minor traffic accident early one August morning—who snatched her car and drove with a crowbar and then dashed his victim and chased her until she went over the guard rail and dropped out of sight? What spurs such passion? A demented lover? A brain-dead? What?

But there are not the only mysteries haunting the dead woman's mother. Doris World cannot understand why 43 people stood by as her daughter was brutalized, as, reportedly, why some cheered the attacker, as laughed at the spectacle. One brave law-enforcer tactlessly came to reach Delia's World in the car, but others did nothing, as nothing, but rather as the General MacArthur bridge and much as though the assassin had been staged for their entertainment. "The ones who were standing there and looking, they were just as guilty," said Doris World.

To New Yorkers, the story is gross but deplorable. It summons a crime from the past and a case that has become synonymous with the peculiar delusions of modern life. It renews the debate over mutual obligations and limits of involvement. Once, the tragic fate of Catherine (Kitty) Genovese was supposed to illustrate the heartless, frozen attitudes of New York City residents. Now, the country

What can explain the fury of a young man who smashes a woman's car, thrashes her and then chases her until she goes over a bridge and dies?

has caught up. In private life and public affairs, Americans are withdrawing from one another. Detachment is the disease of the 90s. When trouble starts, write us our own New York's mystery.

No doubt, isolation was the cause of Kitty Genovese. On March 13, 1964, Genovese, a 28-year-old waitress, was walking to her apartment in the borough of Queens when she was attacked by a stranger with a knife. She screamed and begged for help, and her terrible screams must have gone through the quiet neighborhood like a freight train shrieking down the straightway.

As witnesses and 38 people witnessed at least part of the crime but failed to aid Kitty Genovese when she called out that she was being murdered. In their distance, local residents claim they tried nothing police and law one case showed as the killer, prompting him to run away that Macaulay came back. He found Kitty Genovese slumped against her apartment building and called her again. Genovese died in the arms of a neighbor (Macaulay) who was restrained to

the electric chair and later to life in prison. This summer, he complained about his original attorney and petitioned for a new trial. The courts will decide.

Whatever else may be true about the case, Kitty Genovese was slaughtered while his news was broadcast, and the impact of the episode is like a bruise will blossom purple three decades later. In a March speech, President Bill Clinton addressed the murder as if it happened yesterday and concluded: "No nation looking behind closed doors is free. We've got to change the basic attitudes of this country, not only about crime and violence, but about how we think about ourselves and each other."

And how do we think about ourselves and each other? If the news out of Washington is any indication, Americans are in a period of Victorian philosophical isolation. The New Deal policies of Franklin Delano Roosevelt that dominated for a half century suggested a sense of community, of common caring, of government as guarantor, of co-operation and national purpose. But those concepts now seem antiquated as ruling boards in a presidential limo, innocent in an episode of Borneo and Africa.

With conservatives in the ascendancy, government has been cast as a wasting public expense. All for more is the battle cry. Let the consumer beware. Let the ill cure themselves. Let the poor find their way out of despair. Let the minorities stop whining. Let the welfare clients suffer in silence. Let the congestions do as they please. Let the regulators crumble. Let the wealthy enjoy the Hampton. Under the Republican leadership of House Speaker Newt Gingrich and several of his-minded pals, Congress has become the moral equivalent of a crowd on the General MacArthur Bridge—rather than ladies and gentlemen.

What sort of policies are it? Or, there are proposals to stop the Federalism National Protection Agency from safeguarding wetlands, from limiting the amount of sewage that can be poured into the seas, from controlling noise air pollution. There is another idea that seeks to prevent the agriculture department from using advanced scientific methods to gauge the purity of meat. Likewise, a Republican measure would ease the rigorous testing of prescription drugs. Now, the GOP's resolutions right sends in three public hospitals to report illegal nurses who seek treatment and keep their children from attending unapproved schools.

The last initiative drew the scorn of New York's conservative—but independent—ed—Republican mayor, Rudolph Giuliani. He said the anti-immigrant proposal was an error in ignorance and "based on an irrational fear of something different." The measure, he said, would turn as many as 60,000 immigrant children out of city schools and into the streets, according to the mayor. But, even, doesn't the breaks. Better the young learn to live with what they all share. In 1990, it's said, it's said, kids, and don't even think about yelling for help.

Fred Bruning is a writer with Newsday in New York.



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death of Homicide's 16-year-old sister, Tanny, who, on Dec. 34, 1990, choked to her own vomit after Bernardo and Homicide dragged and raped her.

Almost from the moment the jury left the sixth-floor courtroom on the afternoon of Aug. 31 to begin their deliberations, both and after starting information disseminated to the public. The French and Mahaffy families released details about a civil suit they filed on Aug. 2 against Bernardo and Homicide, alleging, among other things, that he wasted his homicide videotapes played publicly in order to torment the families, and that he was "motivated by rage and malice." Rosen and associate defence lawyer Tony Bryant also disclosed that they had held base-bargain negotiations with Crown lawyers from last December until late February. Bryant said that the defence offered guilty pleas on two counts of second-degree murder, in return for concurrent 17-year sentences. The negotiations failed when the Crown refused to settle for anything less than 25-year sentences.

But for every revelation, there were nagging unanswered questions hanging over the case. Police in both Toronto and St. Catharines had several opportunities to nab Bernardo before they finally arrested him on Feb. 17, 1993. In November 1991, for example, Bernardo provided hair and blood samples for DNA analysis after being questioned about the Scarborough assaults. However, Metro Toronto police emphatically did not obtain the results until January 1993—a 20-month interval during which French, Mahaffy and Tanny-Homicide met their deaths. Equally troubling questions surrounded Bernardo's fawning reaction when the police failed to find them despite a 7-day search of

his house—only to have them turn up in a parking lot? And why did his first lawyer, Ken Murray, withhold them from police for 16 months, during the Crown into the plea bargain with Homicide? There were no answers last week, only vague assurances from Ontario Attorney General Charles Harnack that the government would provide a "full accounting" of the way the case was handled (page 33).

But perhaps most puzzling to many Canadians, who had eagerly traded rumors for over two years to fill the void left by a court-oriented publication ban, were Bernardo and Homicide themselves. On the surface stand, the notorious couple behind the very audacious crimes, they simply looked each other. Homicide testified for 35 days, including seven days of grueling cross-examination by Rosen. But she never budged from her portrayal of herself as a devoted wife who unwittingly participated in her husband's crimes—and watched Bernardo strangle French and Mahaffy with a black electrical cord in the master bedroom of their Cape Cod-style bungalow. Bernardo testified that Homicide was an equal partner in the attacks on the two teenagers, and that both girls died because he was out of the room and they were alone with Homicide. Besides that glaring discrepancy, Bernardo and Homicide contradicted each other about dozens of other events during their turbulent relationship, which began when they met—and had an on-again-on-again sex—on a Scarborough hotel in October, 1987, not earlier, when Homicide lent him her beat her violently with a flashlight in early January, 1990.

In a dramatic 5½-hour address to the jury, delivered almost en-

HEART OF DARKNESS

The jury finds Bernardo guilty of fit-degree murder

CANADA/COVER

BY D'ARCY JENISH

A trial determines guilt or innocence, it does not necessarily explain what makes an accused tick. In the end, after four months and 36 witnesses, Paul Bernardo remained as opaque as ever, a blandly handsome young suburbanite whose hebbly happened to be abducting and raping teenage girls, a man who, for whatever reasons, seemed to lack some essential human ingredients—things like values, conscience, remorse. Over and over in the Toronto courtroom, he admitted to abhorrent, perverted, almost incoherently acts—along up a body with a crowbar—on local, national fact faces, like a movie in which the picture and sound are out of sync. He expressed regret but didn't show it. And he left the public—which was at once riveted and repulsed by the twisted tales of Bernardo and his vicious accomplice, Karla Homicide—pondering the impenetrable nature of evil.

The jury's task, however arduous, was more straightforward. And last week, the eight men and four women—who recently viewed 7½ hours of harrowing videotapes shot by Bernardo in his St. Catharines, Ont., home—spelt, just eight hours to reach their verdict. "Guilty," jury foreman Ed Broadbent said to all nine charges, in charging the first degree murders of teenagers Leslie Mahaffy and Kristen French. The jury also convicted Bernardo of two counts each of kidnapping, forcible confinement and aggravated sexual assault, and one of concealing an infidelity to a body. As the verdicts were announced, the members of both girls, Debbie Mahaffy and Dana French, sobbed quietly while Bernardo—dapper as always in an olive

green suit—stood impassively in the limo. The 31-year-old cigarette smuggler and aspiring rap singer—who, while admitting many crimes, had insisted he was not a killer—refused the chance to speak and immediately began serving convicted life sentences for first-degree murder.

Under Canadian law, Bernardo cannot apply for parole for 25 years. As well, he will be sentenced on the other seven convictions when he appears before trial Judge Patrick LeBlanc on Sept. 13. Those terms will not add to his time in prison because he will serve them concurrently with his murder sentences. However, Crown lawyers are expected to ask LeBlanc to declare Bernardo a dangerous offender—meaning he could be held indefinitely.

Even with the completion of the trial, the saga of Bernardo and Homicide, who is serving 12 years for manslaughter after a plea bargain with the Crown, is far from over. Defence lawyer John Rosen, who had tried to persuade the jury to convict his clients of manslaughter rather than murder, said he will recommend that Bernardo spend the weekend. Meanwhile, Crown lawyers—whose prosecution of Bernardo cost Ontario taxpayers somewhere from \$5 million to \$10 million—must decide whether to prosecute him on 26 charges related to a series of sexual assaults committed between 1987 and 1990 in Scarborough, the Toronto suburb where he grew up. He is also facing at least two other charges arising out of sexual attacks on young women in St. Catharines in 1991, including one who insisted against him at his murder trial under the name of Jane Doe. Finally, Bernardo is charged with manslaughter in the



■ The victims' mothers Debbie Mahaffy (left) and Dana French after the verdict. Bernardo in the police van (above), pondering the nature of evil.

terry without notes, Rosen launched a withering attack on Homicide's credibility and motives. The defence lawyer accused Homicide of selling her story to the Crown to buy lenient treatment for herself. Rosen admitted that his own client was "a sick piece of work," but advised jurors that, if they didn't believe Homicide, they could not convict Bernardo of murder because the Crown's case rested on her evidence.

Roy Houlahan begged to differ. The dapper Crown attorney, who dazedly followed his script in his 7½-day address, argued that while jurors ought to believe Homicide's testimony, they could convict Bernardo based on the videotape alone. The tapes show Bernardo violently raping Mahaffy and French, issuing death threats and subjecting them to degrading behavior while Homicide merely does his bidding. "The Crown submits that this document is a torture," Houlahan said. "This document is an assault to your intelligence and your common sense."

Be that as it may, Bernardo's lawyers may appeal the jury's decision based on technical matters they claim Homicide made three key legal changes to the jury. They want the court to keep the case in the public eye, publishers will—two books about the murders are scheduled to come out this fall, and a third is planned for 1996. For the French and Mahaffy families, who endured their unspeakable ordeals with courage and dignity, last week's verdict undoubtedly brought a measure of satisfaction but no end to their pain. Not for the rest of Canadians, does the jury's judgment solve the essential mystery of what really lies at the heart of darkness. □



Bernardo posing for the camera in 1992; police composite sketch of the Scarborough suspect in 1990 (right); his image was plastered on bus shelters throughout the area



The discovery of Kristin French's body in 1992 (above); Bernardo's gold Nissan sports car (below) police knew about him before he killed



Bernardo's first lawyer, Kev Murray (left), talking evidence from the house in St. Catharines where French and Mahaffy died (right); how did police miss the signs?



Supreme also would be eligible for parole as early as 1997 under her plea-bargain deal with the Crown

Although graphic and gruesome, the evidence presented in open court at the trial of Paul Bernardo did not tell the whole story. And the conclusion of the trial, after four months of often chilling testimony, has only raised more questions. To protect the accused's right to a fair hearing, the media were limited during the trial to reporting only what was said in front of the jury. Now however, evidence excluded inadmissibly by Judge Patrick LeSage may be reported—and it paints a fuller, even more disturbing picture of Paul Bernardo, his life and crimes. Just as disturbing: from the standpoint of public safety are unresolved questions about the investigation of the murders of Leslie Mahaffy and Kristin French—an investigation that led to Bernardo's arrest a full two years after police first interviewed him.

THE INVESTIGATION

On a Sunday morning in July 1991, a 21-year-old woman named Rachel Ferris was on her way home. Driving along deserted St. Catharines streets at about 2 a.m., she passed a gold Nissan sports car going the other way in her mirror view, however, she noticed that the car made a U-turn and began to follow her. When she pulled into the driveway of her home, the car drove by without stopping. At a work lunch the gold Nissan reappeared. This time, it followed her as she drove to her boyfriend's house—his wasn't home—and later to a video store where he worked. Ferris took note of the make of the car, and of the license plate number: 666-3031. That was the license

BY JOE CHIDLEY

less of a video camera pointed at them through the doughnut shop window. (A videotape found in Bernardo's house shows the two women sitting in the shop.)

A month later, on April 18, 1992, Laczniak was driving along Middlefield Road in St. Catharines when she saw the car again. This time, she followed it, before she lost the car at Bayview Drive—the street on which the Bernardo family house was located—the man again in get a license plate number: 660-0091. Laczniak reported the incident to Niagara police. Although she was only one letter off from a match with Bernardo's real number, there is no indication that police followed up the report. At the time, the area was rich with police. St. Catharines had just two days earlier in a church parking lot, but police never led her to a gold Nissan. Instead, they conducted a massive search for the cross-colored Cussons that witnesses had reported near the scene of the abduction.

Until Karla Hunsack told her story to Crown prosecutors a year later, police did not know that at 6 p.m. on April 18, 2002, while Laczniak was following the gold Nissan, Bernardo was on his way home from a Swiss steak restaurant, where he had given up food for his ex-wife—Kristin French—before he had killed her gold Nissan.

Stalling women: Hunsack told Crown prosecutors, was something of a hobby for Bernardo. She said that in August, 1992—four months after French's disappearance—Bernardo told her he wanted to kidnapping, rape and kill a woman he had spotted at White Desert World in Florida during the couple's vacation there. He told Miss Hunsack the name of

BERNARDO: THE GOLD STORY

How he became a murderer—and almost eluded police

number on the Nissan 240SE, registered to Paul Kenneth Bernardo.

The staffing at Rachel Ferris was only one of several incidents in which police had at least the opportunity to apprehend Bernardo long before February 1992. After the verdict last week, Niagara Sheriff (Police) trap, Vince Brown, who headed the so-called Crown Robbery task force that investigated the French and Mahaffy murders, declined to comment on the investigation—or on the controversy surrounding the police failure to follow up on early leads. But if mistakes were made, they are shared by officers of the Metropolitan Toronto Police, who received complaints about Bernardo as far back as 1988, when he was still living in Scarborough. And they failed to follow up immediately DNA evidence collected from him in 1990—when the so-called Scarborough report was circulating about Toronto's youth. By the time DNA testing was completed in January 1991, Bernardo had caused the deaths of at least three young women.

By comparison, Rachel Ferris was lucky. That night in 1991, she returned to her boyfriend's house—with the Nissan 240SE still following her. She remained in her car with the windows rolled up and the doors locked. At 4:30 a.m., Ferris's boyfriend awoke and noticed a man standing in bushes near her car. He and Ferris chased the man, but he got away in the 240SE. Waking down a passing police car, Ferris reported the license number of the stolen car. The officer looked it up and found out that the car was registered to Paul Kenneth Bernardo. But St. Catharines police did not know who Bernardo was—and did not investigate Ferris's complaint further.

The Ferris incident—less than a month after Leslie Mahaffy's body was discovered in Lake Ontario, north of St. Catharines—was not the only stalling that came to the attention of police. Avoided midnight on March 25, 1992, sisters Leon Laczniak and Susan Rogers were sitting in a St. Catharines doughnut shop drinking coffee when they saw a gold sports car drive by several times. The car eventually stopped in driveway, and the women thought nothing of it. But five years later the

Florida had the death penalty, prosecutor Ray Johnston said during evidentiary hearings when the jury was not present, "but he didn't care because he was so sure he would never be caught by police." In fact, they did. In January, 1988, a 15-year-old young woman in the Toronto area in early 1985 in the weeks preceding her arrest.

In ruling that evidence of stalling was inadmissible at trial, Judge LeSage said that a merely dormant Bernardo's character without being sufficiently relevant to the issue of who killed French and Mahaffy. LeSage also ruled as inadmissible a claim that Bernardo benefit after the killings—Hunsack had told prosecutors she did her husband's laundry for the sole purpose of helping him kidnapping young women.

Should police have known about Bernardo and his obsession before it turned out? Should they have known about him before Karla Hunsack's youngest sister, 25-year-old Tammy, died of asphyxiation after Bernardo and Karla dragged and raped her in December, 2000? Before the murders of Mahaffy and French?

In fact, they did. In January, 1988, a 15-year-old girl reported to Toronto police that her ex-boyfriend was a pervert and had been sexually violent with her. She said he had raped her frequently, and both physically and mentally abused her. The boyfriend's name: Paul Kenneth Bernardo.

By mid-1990, the Scarborough report was headline news. Using a little the report would inform his young, petite victims into vaginal rape and sex, and then he would kill them. As a consequence of the rape suspect—a blond man with heavy-lidded eyes—were plastered on bus shelters throughout the city. Acting on tips that he closely resembled the slender, Toronto police interviewed Bernardo on Nov. 20 of that year. Fully co-operative, he provided them with names, blood and hair samples. After the interview, police did not list Bernardo in the county-wide suspect database—building up subsequent co-operation with other police forces. As for the DNA samples, they were not analyzed by police for another two years. When DNA tests were finally

completed in January, 1993, they strongly indicated that Bernardo was a cutoff for three third samples taken from victims of the Scarborough rapist. Those results led to his arrest the following month. His case faces 35 rape and charge sex offenses.

Even after Bernardo's arrest in February, 1993, there was another, more publicized police battle in their extensive search of the Bernardo house; investigators missed what turned out to be the most crucial pieces of evidence at trial, the videotapes depicting Bernardo and Homolka assaulting their victims. Instead, Ken Murray, Bernardo's lawyer, retrieved the tapes after the police finished their search—Bernardo had hidden them down a central light fixture, a play favored by drug dealers and smugglers. Murray held on to the tapes for 16 months, until getting to Bernardo's



lawyer in September, 1994. His successor, John Rees, immediately located them over to Crown prosecutors.

Murray's failure to surrender the tapes is now under investigation by Ontario Provincial Police. But lead Crown attorney Ray Stollman criticized Murray sharply at evidentiary hearings that could be made public only after the trial. "Lawyers cannot suppress evidence of this nature," Stollman said outside the jury's hearing. "It is against the law and it is a criminal offense to suppress evidence." While Murray hid the tapes, Homolka's lawyers were negotiating a plea bargain that resulted in her conviction on two manslaughter charges and a sentence of 12 years in prison. "I police had seen the videotapes earlier than that," Homolka said. Homolka would have faced seven serious charges of first-degree murder. Now she will be eligible for parole in 1997.

BERNARDO'S FAMILY
Boy scout, good student—was the surface, Paul Bernardo was raised in a typical suburban environment by his father, Kenneth, an accountant, and mother Marilyn, a housewife. Guildwood, in the Toronto suburb of Scarborough, was a pleasant, middle-class neighborhood with two-lane streets. Paul Bernardo, by all accounts, was a cute child, better than his two older siblings, David and Debbie. He looked like this sweet, angelic, Hollywood-type kid," says one former neighbor, who requested anonymity.

But among the kids in the neighborhood, the Bernards were considered misfits and were often the butt of children's pranks. Even as a young age, Paul seemed to have a distant relationship with the rest of his family. When he was just a boy of 5 or 6, he ran away from home,

'He looked like this sweet, angelic Hollywood kid'



returning 4 days later. Paul's older brother Dave told a friend later that nobody in the family ever asked him where he had been.

The young Paul rarely socialized with other children, and when he did, he would often band into violent temper tantrums. A neighbor recalls several times seeing Kenneth Bernardo pick up a screaming and kicking Paul on the front lawn and carry him into the house. On the rare occasions when Paul joined in local street-hockey games, he displayed a disturbing disregard for his physical safety. When the ball went under a parked car, for instance, Paul would drive headfirst into the ground and screech beneath the automobile, emerging seconds later with the ball—and with scrapes and cuts on his arms and legs.

Meanwhile, during the period from 1969 to 1976, Kenneth Bernardo infrequently assaulted an unidentified female—crimes for which he was sentenced to nine months in prison, plus three months probation, in March, 1977, in sentencing him Bernardo, Judge Ted Oreston said that the assault did not involve sexual intercourse or threats of violence. When the accountant complained the assault, Oreston added, he had "little intellectual or emotional control."

Van Saurin, a childhood friend who served as Bernardo's best man at his June, 1991, wedding, told the U.S. national TV show *60 Minutes* that when Paul was 14, his mother told him he was not Kenneth's son but the progeny of an affair she had with a prominent Canadian businessman. After that, the distance between son and parents grew wider, Saurin said. At his wedding at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Bernardo exchanged harsh words with his mother after she told him that she did not like the priest—the main course at Bernardo and Homolka's lavish reception.

Kenneth Bernardo, now 61, has partially confirmed Saurin's story of adolescence to the Toronto *Globe and Mail* last week that Paul had his first biological son. "That's his hang-up," he said. "That's never been a hang-up with me." Although none of the family attended the trial—Paul Bernardo's request, his father says—they have visited him in jail. "I'll never see him outside prison," Ken Bernardo said. "And I have an awful feeling he's going to die in prison."

BERNARDO'S STATE OF MIND

The jury did not hear one of the more disquieting exhibits of Bernardo's cruelty: Homolka told prosecutors that while living in their St. Catharines bungalow, she and Bernardo kept a pet sparrow

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■ Kristen French
and her graduate
at St. Catherine's
Little Ministry
(bottom), *Goadly*
inspired

Photo: Jeff

'I've got no remorse and I've got no shame'

COVER

named Spide. One night, while another couple was eating, the young Mr. Bernardo on the head in a rage, he grabbed a kitchen knife and chopped off Spide's head, Hamada said. Then, he put the carcass on the barbecue and served it to his guests. Judge LePage also ruled on inadmissible testimony that exacerbated Bernardo's disturbed mental state. While they did not have an opportunity to interview Bernardo himself, two psychologists formed opinions about him based on their interviews with Hamada. Dr. Chris Haber, whom the Crown wanted to testify as an expert on battered spouse syndrome, speculated that by the time Bernardo met Hamada, he had already established a pattern of criminal behavior and of sexual abuse. Dr. Stephen Hacker went further, identifying Bernardo's behavior with several pathological mental states noted in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, a psychological handbook. Among the disorders Bernardo may suffer from, according to Hacker, are pedophilia (sexual deviancy), sexual sadism, voyeurism, hebephilia (attraction to pubescent or adolescent females), narcissism (gloating of unsuspecting women), co-prophilia (deriving sexual satisfaction from incest), alcohol abuse and narcissistic personality disorder. Still, Hacker wrote, "there is nothing I have seen in the evidence so far available that Mr. Bernardo has or has had a major degree of a psychotic type, i.e. he is fully in touch with reality."

After Bernardo's arrest, police found in his home written and recorded material that, although it pointed to his fascination with young women and with criminal behavior, was ruled inadmissible by LePage. Among the excluded exhibits were newspaper articles, dating from October, 1991, to December, 1992, that seemed to keep on theme on crimes. Police also found department-store flyers and ads depicting young women modeling lingerie, brassieres and other clothing. The ads dated from 1986 before Bernardo met Hamada. Police found in Bernardo's bedroom a copy of *American author*



Best Eastern Ellis's controversial 1991 novel *American Psyche*—a horrifying tale revolving around a blond, narcissistic businessman in his 20s who seduces, tortures and rapes young women. Prosecutors unsuccessfully argued that the novel should be admitted as evidence in that it provided a "blueprint" for Bernardo's crimes. Investigators also found another book, entitled *Project Victim*, the true story of a man in California who kidnapped a 20-year-old woman and brutalized her in his personal sex life, for seven years.

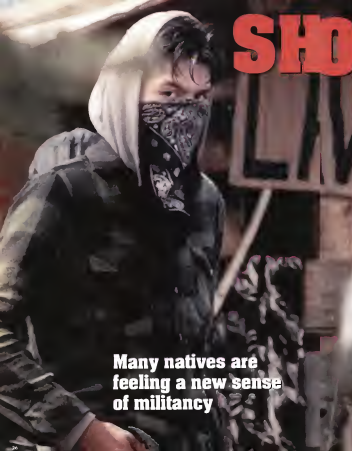
In the wall of his master bedroom, Bernardo-filled accountants' framed diagrams—scattered—had rapid motivational phrases, gleaned from ads, books and movies. Written in his own hand, the phrases are by and large a collection of mostly negative clichés epitomizing the power of positive thinking. "Positivity matters" reads one. "While facts don't count when you have a dream," reads another. Several seem to have been borrowed by Bernardo from the fictional character Gordon Gekko, a loathsome, amoral corporate raider portrayed by Michael Douglas in the 1990 movie *Wall Street*. "Green," one of the slips of paper reads in part, "is good."

Perhaps the most chilling evidence that police found in Bernardo's house—and that the jury was not allowed to see on the grounds that it would be prejudicial—was the so-called *LePage* answer type. Discovered in his music room, the tape contains rambling lyrics and bemoans rape music that Bernardo, who had long harbored desires of becoming a rap star, recorded in late 1992. On the surface, at least, many of the lines in the songs—such as, "according to Hamada, Bernardo wanted to release under the rap pseudonym Young Bitch"—are merely ruminations of his crimes.

In light of the horrors revealed over the past four months, Bernardo's musical aspirations also seem oddly pathetic. In their late lessons and interview demands for respect, the lyrics reveal something of the man who composed them. Speaking huskily and in a raspy cadence, Bernardo refers to himself as "the solo crier," I realize the girls were acting out my crimes while the others sleep." With capsize gallery, he threatens. "I'll draw your heart and send your gold chain... I've got no remorse and I've got no shame."

Elsewhere on the tape, Bernardo says that he plans to call his first album *Goadly* because "And he returns necessarily in the chorus for the 916 track—the loss that he deserves would make him believe."

Has he ever got caught?
Did you ever get caught?
No, never, why?
They say I'm a deadly innocent, yay. □



SHOWDOWN

CANADA/SPECIAL REPORT

BY CHRIS WOOD

Many natives are feeling a new sense of militancy

The cowboy—grizzled, graying and visibly nervous in the unaccustomed glare of television camera lights—was doing his best to make peace. Rancher Lyle James, 70, whose 450,000-acre spread in British Columbia's interior Cariboo plateau had become the site of the country's latest armed standoff between Indians and civil authorities, had just finished explaining to reporters that he would allow natives to continue to use his property for spiritual ceremonies once the confrontation ended. But one Indian, at least, was having no part of that compromise. Petite and intense, Leanne Dick, the mother of a 15-year-old girl who joined native squatters on James' land just days before police sealed off the encampment on Aug. 26, had listened quietly to his halting statement. Now, Dick rose and steadily demanded to know "who you purchased this land from?" Before she was cut off, she added "We say this is Indian land, and it is not for sale."

Apart from the flurry of more dramatic, momentous—some of them signed and others clearly imprudent—acts characterized last week's tense showdowns between heavily armed RCMP officers and native militants near 100 Mile House, 450 km northwest of Vancouver, the incident passed largely unremarked. But even as a week that began with a hailstorm of gunfire dragged on into an uneasy stalemate, the well-meaning confusion of the messy cowboy in the face of the tiny Indian's uncompromising anger served to capture the broader dilemma facing the country as a whole.

As a long summer of native protests from New Brunswick to Quebec, and from Ontario to British Columbia, drew to a close, most Canadians surely share a cautious desire to put right the historic wrongs against the country's aboriginal inhabitants. Paradox of that point, however, has exposed the devil in the details. For many whites, what Canadian governments have so far offered is much too little. For many squatters, what Indians must upon a far too much. Further complicating the situation are splits between established native chiefs and angry activists impatient with both government foot-dragging and what they see as the complacent attitude of mainstream Indian leaders. Much of the public debate on the issue, meanwhile, is colored by ignorance and misinformation. And as last week's events at Gustafsen Lake, 35 km west of 100 Mile House, unfolded yet again, with each new confrontation the candle ground flicks lower the firebrands.

Certainly, there was much criticism of the spirit of compromise last week. Two teams armed in five and six-man extremes roamed dog in around a makeshift cabin and several tents deep in the British Columbia interior. Hours of negotiation by radio telephone with even more heavily armed RCMP-backed units surrounding the encampment had, by week's end, led nowhere. And even if—or, more optimistically, when—the group did surrender, its members and supporters gave no sign that they were ready to give up their beliefs. To them, the region of rolling hills, dry fir and aspen forests, lakes and meadows is sacred Indian territory where white men—whether ranchers or police officers—have little welcome

'We say this is Indian land, and it is not for sale'



and fewer rights. As one of the group's leaders, William Ignace, who prefers to be known as Wabenee, repeatedly asserted "Domestic laws do not apply here."

It was a view that the group's radical Ottawa-based lawyer, Bruce Clark, continued to voice even after members of Wabenee's self-styled "Defenders of the Shuswap Nation" opened fire on six RCMP officers on Sunday, Aug. 27. Both officers were hit in the back, escaping injury or death only because the bullets were deflected by their Kevlar flak vests. The following day, however, Clark insisted that the Indians' attack was in no way a criminal act. "Definitely not," the controversial lawyer asserted. "They are resisting trespass, blood

■ Native militant at Gustafsen Lake (left), Wabenee (right), said evidence of the spirit of compromise

and proceeds." Indeed, Clark said, it was the RCMP [who] are engaged in a criminal act, just by being here."

Those men fear the first shots to splinter the peace at Gashad Lake. In 1992, a year after a local Indian named Peter Rosette fired indiscriminately at his intention to perform the north-facing sunrise ceremony on the remote islands—Jamaica named on objects—seven shots were fired from over the dense tree through a tent belonging to neo-native campers at the lake. Two American hunters were arrested, but were later released without charges. In 1994, Rosette and his followers completed the last of the four annual ceremonies in the sunrise cycle with out further incidents. But Rosette remained on Jamaica Island.

Trouble began breaking on June 13.

After discovering that Rosette had offered a lifetime portion of his rifle range, James and several male hands were the regular with an evening canoe—and used a camp stove and saw that Rosette or his followers had taken from a ranch building. The following day, two forestry workers reported that someone had fired shots at them from the area of the Indian occupation. Over the next two months, as more Indians and non-native supporters rallied to Rosette's side, police increased the size of the area at least three more occasions. Then, on Aug. 11, an RCMP patrol from several weapons—six M16 assault rifles and a Glock from Rosette—were taken from two Indians at Rosette's camp. A week later a shot was fired at an RCMP patrol.

On Aug. 16, police announced that they had finally lost patience with the squatters. "We see that as an act of terrorism," RCMP Sgt. Len Clark said reporters. "The threat is serious."

They went to sit back and do nothing. Still, the RCMP moved slowly to assemble its forces before moving against the Indian camp. For another week, visitors were allowed along the gravel logging roads that give access to Gashad Lake. A float house, James and four followers in a dugout canoe, Rosette made repeatedly that "his boat and all this land belongs to the Indian people," and defied the use of weapons against the RCMP. "The even more outrageous ignorance, meanwhile, noted that people still have to take us out at body level."

Mark the same position, with Rosette, along with a great deal of second-class, to Ovide Mercredi, national chief of the Assembly of First Nations. Mercredi visited the camp once on Aug. 24 and Aug. 25, in an attempt to mediate a peaceful end to the standoff. But Rosette and Indian demonstrators refused the national chief's "mediator" with whom they regarded as illegal native governments. Finally, early on Aug. 26, police ended off the camp.

The most shocking moments came with the attack on two police officers the following day. As an RCMP spokesman recounted events, the assault occurred as four armed men from Trout Lake, British Columbia, were taking several hunters' weapons back to police after receiving a tree that had been felled as a roadblock. Suddenly, several weapons opened fire from the surrounding bushes. Bullets missed one police vehicle, forcing the two officers to lie on the ground, as they ran to safety along a road built from the back, breaking and turning them through their body armor. "I had all the chemicals of an anthrax," testified RCMP Sgt. Peter Minz. "Bullets were coming from the mouth of the man."

While that, the men's wilderness canoe became the focus of

'The RCMP are engaged in a criminal act just by being here'



Clark justifies

a full-scale police tactical operation—and widening international attention. For their part, police insisted that they would not allow the standoff to continue indefinitely. But Mercredi offered no deadline for the Indians' surrender, and details of what he described as a "militarized operational tactic" remained secret.

Hopes for a settlement rose when police, after repeated delays, asked Clark to enter the camp at noon on Thursday to talk to his clients. These hopes were dashed six hours later, however, when Clark emerged to declare that the Indians were "desperate of being murdered by police." He added that they would not surrender until authorities agreed to allow an international tribunal to consider their allegations.

Swearing [Clark said] judges governments and police of treaty and the grounds of international police." Clark and the answers were appealing to his protector, Elisabeth. It is to intervene on their behalf—and might end their action if Ottawa sends a letter to the Queen saying it would not object to her looking at a person from their own officials passed the letter on to British Columbia's attorney general, Ujjal Dosanjh, but he refused to send it further.

A safety dossier was sent of support for the militants included. A senior board at the end by the RCMP to brief police leaders was quickly passed in several years of bases from native supporters from as far away as Washington, D.C. and England. Among the messages was one from former U.S. attorney general Ramsey Clark, who compared the situation at Gashad Lake to earlier—and often—confrontations between American authorities and dissidents at New York's Attica Prison, Ohio's Kent State University and the Branch Davidian cult compound in Waco, Texas.

Despite the anxiety of media coverage, however, the answers suggested that the wider world was recognizing an issue showed respect of the events at Gashad Lake. Many writers, including Clark, already believed that the men and women at Rosette and Igou's site were members of the local Shuswap First Nations, whose traditional territory includes Gashad Lake, and were defending a long-sacred site of deep spiritual significance.

In fact little of that was true. Of about two dozen people at the camp, several, including Mercredi, were members of distant bands unrelated to the local Shuswap, others were non-native supporters of Indian and environmental causes. Even before establishing a hall of bullets at two RCMP officers, the militants had prompted some local native leaders to distance themselves from them. "They have no support from us or our people," said Akela Lake band chief Bill Clark. He added, "They are making a mockery of our traditions."

Other local Indians denied that the constrained site had any local spiritual significance. "It was used for fishing and gathering berries and that type of thing," said Agent Steve Clark of the Crown Creek Shuswap band. "That's not for the sun dance."

Indeed, the national chief was "traditional" sun dance was that one. Although experts in native culture assert that the sun dance is a powerful ceremony of healing and reform in the tradition of Plains Indians, it has only recently been adapted by other groups. Among the

Crow Creek Shuswap, initiated since the ceremony was introduced in about 1920, when Rosette began practicing it. Since then the lake as the Plains, named Mercredi, a Manitoba Cree. The sun dance was about being, not about a pipe in one hand and a gun in the other."

In staying themselves with the economic pressure of lawyer Bruce Clark, the natives simply added to the impression that they occupied the political line—view compounded by Mercredi's economic theories about a so-called New World Order conspiracy. Clark, 36, seen disheveled in his lawyer's presence after a campaign committee of the Law Society of Upper Canada took him guilty earlier this year of professional misconduct. Among the complaints against an Ontario Superior Court justice of racism, treason and genocide against natives.

Still, the events at Gashad Lake could be dismissed as just the work of a handful of marginal individuals. At the core of the militants' weary shield rose powerful currents of grievance and despair that we found on many Indian reserves across Canada.



Warred Mercredi, for one. "That anger is there, that frustration is there and that discrimination is that kind of action in there."

In fact, the standoff at the lake shared several features—including militant challenges to the authority of local elected chiefs—with a string of confrontations this summer in New Brunswick, a month-long standoff over fishing rights on the Miramichi River pined self-styled "Abenaki Warriors" against the more moderate leadership of local band chief Murray Argueville. At about the same time, called Ovide Mercredi, the Canadian Forces to withdraw from a former military camp at Agnew, near St. John's. At a week earlier, the mobility—or unwillingness—of Chief Jerry Miller of the Kamekuk-Makowik reserve near Montreal to concede several deaths of militants being convicted by local members prompted Quebec police to destroy the camp. And in British Columbia, barely a week has gone by since early June without at least one news print or broadcast.

A common theme of the confrontations is a belief among many on them that they are—or should be—except from the rule of Canada on land. "Not everybody in this country considers themselves Canadian," observed Chief Joseph Norton of the Kamekuk-Makowik, whose reserve is just north of Montreal. "A lot of people consider themselves Indian, the Mackenzie nation, the Agnashan nation." Agreed Mercredi. "That position is not the minority view. It is the prevailing view: that we have pre-existing rights in indigenous people that supersede the rights of Canada as a nation and that even their claims to our land is subject to our prior title." Added the chief. "This is what I said to Wolmer in the camp. 'Your philosophy as our philosophy is wrong in terms of how we see the nature of our rights. The nature of our rights is that you're not here, you're not here to negotiate. We're prepared to make your point with violence.'"

But the Wolmer's approach may well be gaining support among

Canada's native people. Indian leaders and outside observers also say that unresolved grievances and long-standing frustration with the slow pace of change is fueling militancy. Natives Nelson. "It's a sad state of affairs. But it seems the only thing the government would do is when people put up barricades. The young and the restless in Indian society are saying, 'Well, damn it, if they can do it down there, then we can do it over here.'"

And indeed, the years after two dozen Mohawk residents built both the Sarcelle du Québec and the Canadian military at the Bay of 77 days in Oka, little has changed for Canada's roughly one million native and non-native native people. Economic and social disparities remain deeply embedded in native communities. At the same time, native leaders' attempts to assert an inherent right to self-government and bring an end to the viceroy hand of Indian Act, remain largely unavailing. In 1992, Canada voters rejected a package of constitutional amendments known as the Charlottetown accord, among them was a proposal to enhance the aboriginal right to self-government. Despite that, jobs at the time showed that most Canadians—with the significant exception of British Columbia—supported the measure.

Last month, Indian Affairs Minister Ron Ivison offered another a highly-advanced alternative to that prospect of constitutional war: that the nation's problem policy on Indian self-government, which would grant native bands more completely, similar to those of municipalities, little for short of what many Indian leaders, including Mercredi, insist is necessary. "It's not a recognition of the inherent right that we fought so hard to get in the Charlottetown accord," continues the national chief.

But it may be all that most non-native Canadians are willing to accept. Generally, Canadians support native demands, says Ottawa-based pollster Darrell Bricker, senior vice president of the Angus Reid Group.

But there is a backlash. "There is a backlash," says Bricker, whose polls are taken in the West, there is strong opposition to any settlement with natives that would grant Indian land rights denied to other Canadians. And it goes without saying that few Canadians are likely to accept that native "year rights" include opening fire on military or police. "But the native leadership supports what the Canadian leadership is prepared to accept," Bricker concludes, "very, very, very different."

With little belief in the likelihood of further concessions from white society, growing numbers of younger natives find an immediate appeal in the potent rhetoric of the likes of Rosette and Mercredi. "They could be called the mutants and the mutants," says Paul Tremont, a university of British Columbia professor who follows native issues closely. "Often you have charismatic leaders there, but they are constantly in touch with very deep feelings and at least some continuity. But beforehand, natives who are in a position to benefit from accommodation with white society generally support negotiation and compromise. Tremont notes, however, has a wide constituency. And Tremont also has a disturbing prediction. "There is a significant potential for many more of these confrontations in the future."

At 100 Mile House, the week ended with hopes for a peaceful resolution, but little else. Lyle James might well be willing to allow residents would be sun dancers the use of his land. But for the militants inside RCMP lines, that was clearly no longer the central issue—it's ever been. And however the showdowns concluded, it was clear that the frustration simmering on Indian reserves poses a continuing dilemma for native societies and for all Canadians.

With MEMBERS CARAVANA in Ottawa and JOHN PETER in 100 Mile House



At the watershed

Assembly of First Nations Chief Ovide Mercredi warns that the trend to confrontation is growing

Ovide Mercredi, National Chief of the Assembly of First Nations since June, 1991, spent most of last week trying to persuade a reluctant media to display at Guelph, Ont., the 30th anniversary of the 1982 Indian Act. He spoke to Maclean's Vancouver editor Chris Wood about the confrontation, and about criticism of his leadership by some nations.

Maclean's: What is the significance of the dispute at Guelph, Ont.?

Mercredi: To me, it is a watershed. We have come to a point in our relationship where a choice has to be made between violence and non-violence as a means to an end. That's why I'm here. I was on the 30th of last week and I was going to go see the Cherokee nation in Tennessee to find out how the American Indians exercise sovereignty over their land. But I sensed the importance of this immediately. I called the Indian Tribal Council and told them that we have to make sure that no one is killed, that our people are not killed by the police and that the police are not killed by our people in that camp. I'm here to argue, as I did in Ottawa, that for us to go the route of violence would be suicidal. Because there is absolutely no way in which we are going to win against Canadian such as any act of aggression.

We do not have the aggression. We don't have the military resources to win any armed conflict with anybody.

Maclean's: Yet, this anniversary has seen a series of confrontations between native and non-native groups in New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario and in nearly a dozen incidents in British Columbia. Did you anticipate that?

Mercredi: This summer was a surprise for me. There is no way I would have predicted that Guelph, Ont. would erupt to the way it did. I knew that there was a high level of dissatisfaction in our communities that I was also aware that many of our people were involved in the housing process, dealing with the social issues in our lives. And I was aware of a faction of individuals, a small group, who always came to state their case

in not very loud terms, in very aggressive language, conducting society as a whole and very much knowing that personal issues were not working. I was aware of that, and I've been aware of it for all my years as national chief. But I was not aware that there was an organized effort until I got to Guelph, Ont.

But when I go into the [difficult] site and my name, conversation is sidestepped, I know that this is a planned event. My sense is that the videotape will be used to promote their propaganda that the current Indian

'There must not be any resort to violence and no use of weapons'

■ Mercredi is high level of dissatisfaction

leadership, current society, or the government as it is, are not going to help the Indian people. And that, therefore, the only option is to proceed with a strategy of conflict.

Maclean's: But you yourself have also recently advocated a more aggressive stance for Canadian natives.

Mercredi: Violence [the protest leaders] accuse people like myself and the elected chiefs of being collaborators with the federal government. Well, we are not collaborators but the fact remains that the federal government doesn't understand us. We're not dealing with us as a people not to use violence, and if it's seen as a way of preserving our rights, then obviously their strategy will be dismantled. That's the watershed: it's either their strategy or non-violence, which we're advocating as leaders. □

more aggressive in dealing with the government and that we stay home to resist to acts of civil disobedience as a means of getting a resolution in our grievances.

But when it comes to civil disobedience, there are four conditions that I place on any act. One is that the elected leaders—that means the chief and council elected by their own people—must be in a leadership role and must be in control. The second condition is that the people themselves in the communities affected support that civil disobedience. The third is that there must not be any resort to violence, no use of weapons whatsoever. The fourth condition is that there must be no loss of life and no destruction of property.

Maclean's: Indian Affairs Minister Ron Davis recently released a policy statement offering native groups a form of self-government that would be similar to municipal status. Does that help or hinder the relationship between natives and non-natives?

Mercredi: That falls completely into the arguments that are being made by violence and some of its supporters. Here is a clear example of how the government completely disrespects the elected leadership of the First Nations in Canada. I mean policy paper has nothing to do with the inherent right of self-government. It is really the establishment of the federal system of government. And to me, when you really translate it into its bare roots, that means their superiority.

Maclean's: What can governments do to repair the relationship between native and non-native Canadians?

Mercredi: They must be prepared to work with us as equals, not as individuals. They have to work with us as having a right to represent our peoples as heads of governments.

And they should not look upon us as their citizens to rule, because that is the relationship of dominance that we have been fighting and trying to overturn.

Maclean's: Are you optimistic or pessimistic?

Mercredi: It depends on the perceptions and the interpretation of my intervention here. It is seen by the people that I represent as being collaborative with the larger society, then I'm optimistic. I can't say I've been advised that if it is seen in the way I hope it is seen, which is to maintain our traditions as a people not to use violence, and if it's seen as a way of preserving our rights, then obviously their strategy will be dismantled. That's the watershed: it's either their strategy or non-violence, which we're advocating as leaders. □



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A community's slow simmer

Frustration at Indian politicians is fuelling unrest

BY BRIAN MARACLE

From the showdown in July over fishing rights at Elk Island, N.B., to the skirmish over land at a military camp near Sarnia, Ont. to the battle over a sun dance at Gashadun Lake, B.C., and most recently to the clash over traditional government at the Six Nations reserve near Brantford in south-western Ontario, the country is once again embroiled by a raft of increasingly aggressive Indian protests. Get used to it.

What we are witnessing is the convergence of three major trends that show little sign of change. The first involves the federal government's continued refusal, over the past generation, to negotiate nation-to-nation agreements with Indian people that would provide for the peaceful co-existence of our two peoples and the sharing of lands and resources based on the principles of equality and mutual respect. When confronted by Indian complaints in the past, the government responded only when it was forced to do so by the courts or by over-riding political pressure—and even then it did so only grudgingly. The 1990 Oka crisis was a case in point. The conflict there triggered Indian protests across the country—highways were blocked, government offices were occupied, and even more vital dams, hydro transmission towers were blown up and railway bridges were burned. That, amazingly enough, prompted a wave of pro-Indian support among the Canadian public. When faced with the demand for action, the government made only a token effort to deal with the root cause of the crisis. It studied any real progress by appointing a royal commission that has done little more than waste billions and \$20 million so far.

The second trend is the waning legitimacy and the increasing irrelevancy of the established Indian power structures and leaders. This includes, most notably, David McCreck,

the leader of the Assembly of First Nations. Despite his title of "national chief," McCreck has no power and represents only the chiefs who elected him. It should also be understood that the band council system of government was imposed on Indian people by the government of Canada. The band council system is cloaked in many communities

councils prohibit otherwise Indians from voting in band elections.

While some Indian politicians disapprove of the recent willingness of the bulk of the native population, based on over 20 years of work and travel in Indian country, favors even more aggressive action. The people are fed up with government platitudes and are in no mood for compromise. What the government and the two native public also must realize is that despite the lack of Indian unity on issues like the Constitution, native people are very much of one mind when it comes to a fight between any group of Indians and the government over such matters as fish land, traditional religion or traditional government. An injury inflicted on one of our people is regarded as an injury to all of these peoples in majority felt by all.

The third trend behind the rising tide of Indian militancy is the rekindling of Indian traditionalism. For more than a century, Old Man Canada used residential schools, churches and government programs in an effort to turn Indian people into little brown Canadians—aka "good little Indians." It didn't work. In spite of the enormous pressure to assimilate into mainstream society, our people have become increasingly committed to reviving the old ways and reclaiming their heritage. For the past generation, Indian elders, cultural leaders and spiritual figures have presided a constant refrain: "Return to Indian traditions."

Indag by the events of this summer, many native people across the country have accepted that message, even if it means confronting the police. And at the forefront of many of the recent confrontations have been young people. A 15-year-old boy was at the wheel of one of the vehicles that crashed through the gates at Canada Forces camp here in July when a group of Sixty Point people reclaimed their ancestral territory. As well, a number of teenagers led the charge in ending government employees from the department of Indian affairs offices last week on the Six Nations reserve. As the federal government continues to stall, as established Indian leaders lose credibility and as Indian youth increase in number and influence, the prospect of further strife looms ever larger. □



■ Mohawk warrior during the Oka crisis: "The people are fed up with platitudes and are in no mood for compromise"

because real moral authority above rests with a more traditional concept of Indian society. In some places the traditional or hereditary chiefs are the ultimate authority to others, the elders are supreme, and in less developed country, it is the clan mothers and women.

Even in those places where local traditions have been forgotten and the band council system has been accepted, the waning legitimacy of government by majority rule goes against the Indian tradition of government by consensus. The band councils are also widely damned because they receive money from Ottawa in the name of all status Indians, even though half of those people live in urban areas and receive few of the housing, employment, health or education benefits. What's more, many band



Have you ever seen a grown man cry?

Brian Maracle, 46, is a communications and writer on native issues. A member of the Mohawk nation, he lives on the Six Nations reserve near Brantford, Ont. He is the author of *Exposure*, a 1993 book examining native people and addiction, and the forthcoming book *Back on the Rez*.

Ahead of the pack

Frank McKenna cruises toward a third victory

Frank McKenna's boyish face exudes optimistic energy as a beacon from roadside election campaign billboards and newspaper ads throughout New Brunswick. In person, last week, though the 47-year-old premier looked positive, even grim—which he was presenting his Liberal party's platform to a roomful of reporters at a breakfast in the provincial's record against the leaders of the other three provincial parties during a televised debate. "The truth is, I'm scared to death," he told *Maclean's* during a break at the midpoint in the campaign in which he is seeking a third term in office. "I've run scared in every election I've shown run so far. I'm very behind." Even, it seems, when politicians and pundits agree that his party is miles ahead of its opponents—so much so that McKenna's biggest worry last week seemed to be a possible backlash by voters concerned about a repeat of the 1987 Liberal sweep over the scandal-ridden Tory government of Richard Hatfield, which left New Brunswick with just one party in the legislature for the next four years.

With 61 of 58 seats in the provincial legislature, the Liberals are running a neck-and-neck campaign campaign. Donald Desrosier, a political scientist at the University of New Brunswick at Saint John, described the Liberal effort as "thorough, well-organized and boring—just like the government." In the world of politics, of course, being boring is not necessarily a drawback. Calling a 28-day election campaign—the shortest in New Brunswick's history—at the tail end of summer almost certainly assured that voters would be more preoccupied with relaxing at the cottage than peering intently at leaders during the campaign. So it may. No surprise, then, that the Liberals' outworn opponents have made up little ground. A poll conducted between Aug. 35 and 33 by Canadian Research Associates Inc. and released last week by the CBC showed that 64 per cent of decided and leaning voters supported the Liberals, compared with 14 per cent for the Tories, three per cent for the Confederation of Regions (COR) Party, and two per cent for the New Democrats. And last week's lackluster 75-minute television debate likely did little to change minds.

The funny thing is that the Liberals even seemed to have a real fight on their hands. COR promised fireworks when it was eight

seats and became the official Opposition in the 1991 election. Instead, the party collapsed—effectively surrendering the role of opposition in the legislature to New Democratic leader Elisabeth Wray—and allowing its energy to be sapped by endless internal bickering. In July, the party—which now holds six seats after two of its members became independents—had to endure three

days of creating growth. As Wikoset told reporters: "For eight years, New Brunswick has been subjected to slogans, not solutions—sales jobs instead of real jobs."

Last week, the two leaders continued their war of figures. Wikoset claimed that the Liberals created only 5,000 jobs during the past four years, while McKenna lauded Statistics Canada figures that he said confirmed that 30,000 more New Brunswickers are working now than in 1981. There was also comparison praise for the government's economic record: the Royal Bank of Canada predicted that New Brunswick would have the second-best economic growth of any province in 1995-1996, and Wall Street brokerage house Lehman Brothers reaffirmed New Brunswick's high credit rating.



McKenna (left), Wray, Wikoset and Wray at a news conference, building and covering

different leaders during a single week. Eventually they settled on Gerg Hargrove, a tough-edged, 36-year-old outdoor outfitter's store owner who has played the party's traditional anti-bureaucracy card to the hilt.

By then the Tories also had a new leader—Bernard Wikoset, a passionate Edmonton lawyer who won the provincial Conservative leadership last May. By the end of last week, though, he had shown only glimpses of the fiery political passion who held federal cabinet posts in Prime Mulroney's government. Moreover, the Tory campaign has lacked real spark. One reason—discredited by Tory organizers—could be that Wikoset is too closely linked to Mulroney's record. New Brunswickers may also see too much evidence of the old scandal-plagued Hatfield Tories in the party's current incarnation. The Tories spent most of their energy attacking McKenna in April and underestimating a number of political opponents who have managed to parlay his ability to attract low-wage jobs in New Brunswick into an undeserved cultural repu-

Last week's television debate in Moncton gave McKenna's opponents their best chance to put him on the defensive. Wikoset, hampered by the fact that most of the debate was in English, his second language, hammered away at the employment issue, accusing the Liberals of neglecting the traditional resource sector while pursuing low-wage high-tech jobs. That the most spirited exchanges involved Wray, an articulate lawyer and the ex-cousin of the late New Democratic unit in the legislature. She skewered the premier over the government's decision to turn over the raising of the province's new youth correction facility to an American company. McKenna, however, skillfully dodged and weaved his way through most of the personal attacks. "A lie is as good as a win," his campaign spokesman, Maurice Robitaille, said of the debate. The premier election day hosts, the debate a well-heeled McKenna's opponents to concentrate his attention on

JOHN DEMONT in Moncton

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Canada NOTES

TAPES DESTROYED

Three former members of the Canadian Blood Services, the panel that oversees the country's blood system until 1981, told the federal inquiry into Canada's tainted-blood scandal that there was no cover-up or conspiracy involved in a 1989 decision to destroy eight years' worth of tapes and documents related to the blood supply. Committee members told the Krieger commission in Toronto that they believed it was acceptable to dispose with the materials because they already had typed minutes of their meetings. But Justice Harold Krieger, who heads the inquiry, questioned their actions. "Why were you concerned that the public may find out what went on in your deliberations?" he asked. Groups representing Canadians infected with tainted blood called for a full federal inquiry.

ASPIRIN ALERT

Bayer Inc. of Toronto, the maker of Aspirin, warned consumers to watch for broken safety seals and signs of tampering on bottles of the medication. The company and the federal health department are investigating four reports that strange tablets of various sizes and colors were found in Aspirin bottles between March and August in Edmonton, Vancouver and Montreal. No persons were detected, Bayer said, and no diseases or injuries have been reported.

SUBWAY MALFUNCTION

Toronto Transit Commission officials confirmed that a safety device designed to trigger emergency brakes malfunctioned before the Aug. 11 subway crash that killed three people and injured 86 others. General manager David Gurn, however, said the faulty top arm was not the only factor in the accident.

A CONSERVATIVE ALLIANCE

Federal Reform Leader Preston Manning and Ontario Conservative Premier Mike Harris announced that they would co-operate to pressure the federal Liberal government on certain issues. They said possible areas of co-operation include child reduction and tax cuts.

ALZHEIMER'S DISCOVERY

For the second time in two months, researchers at the University of Toronto announced that they had discovered a gene responsible for early-onset Alzheimer's disease, a degenerative neurological disorder. Researcher Dr. Peter St. George-Hyslop said the new gene is associated with a loss severe form of the disease often found in members of the same family.

AP/WIDEWORLD



Downed Nimrod jet dives into Lake Ontario; the crash (right) horrified

Tragedy at the air show

As a throng of 10,000 spectators looked on, a British military plane crashed during the annual Canadian International Airshow in Toronto. Seven crew members were aboard the plane, a Royal Air Force Nimrod patrol craft. Searchers in boats and helicopters arrived at the scene within minutes, but hours after the crash they had found no survivors and no clear officials said that all crew members were presumed lost. Witnesses said the plane was performing a slow, looping turn over Lake Ontario when it rolled into the water about two kilometres from shore. It sent up a huge shower of spray and then disintegrated. Searchers recovered pieces of aircraft debris, as well as orange life vests and life rafts. RAF officials said the Nimrod's crew had performed the manoeuvre it was attempting over Lake Ontario many times without incident. Air Vice-Marshal Peter Squire of the RAF and the aircraft was demonstrating its ability to avoid host-vehicle strikes by pulling up into a climb, followed by a steep turn and dive. But it did not manage to pull out of the dive. The crew included two pilots, a flight engineer, a navigator, an electronics officer and two electronics operators. They were based in Winton, Scotland.

The Nimrod, a four-engine jet, is used for anti-submarine warfare and long-range maritime patrols. The crash was the eighth in the



air show's 46-year history. The previous fatal accident occurred in 1989, when a member of the Canadian Forces Sea King squadron, Capt. Stuart Araya, was killed during a stunt. Araya's Tutor jet clipped the wing of a Sea King and careened into the lake.

Battle lines

Quebec Premier Jacques Parizeau announced that Oct. 30 is "the most likely" date for the province's long-awaited referendum on sovereignty. That followed a two-day meeting of the Parti Québécois caucus which rejected suggestions that the referendum be postponed because support for independence is waning. A group of prominent party advisers warned that with the Test and his critics in a virtual dead heat in public opinion polls, sovereignty is almost certain to be rejected. They based that assessment on predictions that only one in four undecided voters—who now number 14 per cent, compared with 45 per cent who support independence and 40 per cent who oppose it—are likely to vote. Yet that Parizeau appeared determined to go ahead with the vote, with Nov. 13 also a possible date.

TURNING THE TIDE

After months of dithering, NATO finally gets tough with Bosnia's Serb rebels

BY BRUCE WALLACE

Some of the most sophisticated military hardware of the 20th century rained over the ancient medieval kingdom of Bosnia last week, in a NATO attempt to bring peace to the tragic land by bombing it from the air. The clip-pretty attack speaks for itself, says U.S. Maj. Gen. Mike Short as he introduced a series of black-and-white video images taken from the cockpit of an attacking fighter jet. A building, owned in one guesser a crisis team is located. In another scene, a mushroom of smoke and debris rises to obscure what NATO officials claim is a Bosnian Serb underground command center. "If anybody doubts that we have the capability, and the resolve to use that capability, I would refer them to some of these films," said U.S. Admiral Augustine Smith, commander of NATO's southern European forces, which carried out the attack.

At last, the question of whether western powers were willing to unleash their fire power as a warning party to the Balkans was finally answered. The days of posturing and threats may well be over. British Defense Secretary Michael Portillo is a vocal proponent of "saving lives without taking lives" was dropped into history's dustbin, along with the rest of what has passed for European policy on the Balkans. In place of European dithering was a resolute NATO air attack.

Aftermath of the Sarajevo shelling: a barbaric attack



AP/WIDE WORLD

back—in which the American military did most of the work. One plane after another took off from air bases in Italy and from the American aircraft carrier USS Thresher (Bassett), electronically sniffing out and bombing Bosnian Serb air defenses, as well as artillery and ammunition dumps. More than 500 civilians were killed in three days of strikes before NATO announced a pause for diplomacy. By then, two French jets were missing near Pale, headquarters of the Bosnian Serb rebels. Five European UN monitors who were feared dead were confirmed to be alive, although in the hands of Bosnian Serbs.

The air strikes were not sure with hard words then force. Bosnian Serb representatives trampled on the predictable cry of "genocide"—but their major military advantage was the bad weather, which

limited the NATO pilots' visibility. Under cloud cover, Bosnian Serb forces moved to hide some of their antiquated heavy weapons that ring Sarajevo and the remaining UN "safe areas" of Gornje and Trnovo. But the British, French and Dutch troops who make up the recently installed 10,000-member Rapid Reaction Force were in position to return any Bosnian Serb fire around Sarajevo with their own 105-mm guns. For a time at least, the Serb shelling of civilians ceased.

Perhaps the most telling sign of the air campaign's success was how quickly the Bosnian Serb commander, Gen. Ratko Mladic, moved a willingness to come to the negotiating table. Throughout



Sarban commutation of jet after bombing U.S. fighter attacks from aircraft carrier B-1B: resolve

negotiations will be easy. Dealing a new Balkan political arena (not even any viable, unilateral concessions in a place rife with conflicting claims and new movements on top of old ones). The Bosnian government has already vowed never to surrender the Gornje enclave, even though it remains an isolated pocket inside Serbian-held territory. But U.S. negotiators say they have managed to hold most local entities in check. And in the wake of this air assault, the Bosnian Serbs seemed prepared to negotiate their own exit from several key locations.

During unbroken six or eight, NATO stopped short of a full-scale military solution to Bosnia's nightmare. The use of force was meant only to halt the fighting and start the talking. "No one should seek military help from our action," said NATO Secretary General Willy Claes, in a clear warning to Bosnian and Croatian forces not to use the air cover to launch their own offensives. NATO's objectives remained limited: an end to the siege of Sarajevo, safety for civilians in the remaining Bosnian government enclaves, and a new start to regional peace talks.

But the critical here at even posed the question of why the outside world had waited so long to use the air power option—and why now. The ostensible justification for the air strikes was the horrific shelling of the Sarajevo market on Aug. 28, which UN investigators blamed on Bosnian Serb gunners south of the city. Thirty-seven people died in the slaughter—the city's bloodiest single attack in 18 months. NATO leaders, who had repeatedly pledged to protect Sarajevo's civilians, could no longer ignore the Bosnian Serb's blatant defiance without further damage to the alliance's battered credibility. "The objective is not simply to retaliate for the barbaric attack on Sarajevo, but to send a very strong deterrent signal to the Bosnian Serbs that this time around the international community means business," said NATO spokesman Jamie Shea.

NATO leaders, who lacked many days on many previous commitments, calculated that only a massive response would be enough to overcome Bosnian Serb contempt for such well-worn pledges. In the past, Serbian rebels have taken UN peacekeepers hostage when threatened with NATO bombing. UN commanders spent the summer pulling troops out of exposed areas to avoid a repeat of last May's humiliating hostage incident. By the time NATO bombs fell last week, there were few blue helmets available for the Bosnian Serbs to unleash. Further

their 41-month-long mission in Bosnia, UN officials have frequently had to beg to meet with Mladic or Radovan Karadzic, head of the self-styled Bosnian Serb republic, merely to seek permission for the safe passage of humanitarian aid convoys—requests that were often refused. Sometimes, the most senior UN officials were fired upon as they traveled to meetings. This time it was Mladic who, after three days of bombing, requested an audience with his UN counterparts. "It was time to talk about peace, even after this drastic bombing," Mladic told Bosnian Serb television viewers.

But neither Mladic nor Karadzic, both of whom are wanted by an international war crimes tribunal, will lead a peace delegation to talks that resume this week in Geneva. That move was warned from the Bosnian Serbs last week by Slobodan Milosevic, president of neighboring Serbia. Milosevic, self-styled architect of a Greater Serbia and a leader of the Bosnian Serbs, has recently given every indication of wanting to end the war—and the economic grief that the resulting sanctions have wrought upon his country. Not that anyone believes



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Who knows, you might start looking forward to turning the thing on.

towns. Musicians. The extra lighting and hundreds of security guards have had a clear impact on formerly crime-plagued areas such as Times Square and Grand Central Station. Even at poorer areas, observers say there has been an increase in casualness to return to clean up blighted blocks and on poorer building facades. "It's part of how people are adapting to fear," says Marie Rouse, publisher of *Law Enforcement News*, a magazine that covers police. "You either avoid it by being extra kids and not going out at night, or you get agitated."

But criminologists are not convinced that police patrols and civic-minded citizens are responsible for the change. Most believe that the crime rate is largely determined by the number of young men in society at a given time. Across the continent, the number of 15- to 24-year-olds has been dropping in recent years, a trend thought to be the demographic cycle that may account for the lower figures. "The largest group of our population, the 75 million baby boomers, are middle-aged now," says James Alan Fox, dean of the College of Criminal Justice at Boston's Northeastern University. Fox adds that New York's crime rate "probably would have gone down to state or who was compassionate."

Other experts believe that urban violence has declined because the turf wars between crack gangs that weakened havoc in the 1980s have now largely been settled, leaving many of the gang members either dead or in



Stratton and Giuliani partners against crime

prison. Richard Cerreto, an anthropologist who studies drug use, says that crack is no longer fashionable among inner-city teenagers. "When you see your older brother back a gold tooth out of grandma's mouth to be a boy a crack [or crack cocaine], it doesn't seem so cool anymore," says Cerreto. Whatever the reason, the result is a new feeling of security for many New Yorkers. Central Park, previously all but closed to law-abiding citizens at night, is now controversially busy after dark, with cyclists and families out for a stroll in many of the better-lit

trails. "I feel much safer here now because of all the rollerbladers," says Ray Harris, a 39-year-old woman out for an evening stroll through the park. In some other areas, however, residents say they are little if any improvement. "There's always something in the parking lot of my building," says Irene Lando, an office manager who lives in Brooklyn's hard-hit Brownsville district. Gay and lesbian groups, meanwhile, report a rise in attacks in the past year. There has also been an increase in police violence. The NYPD's own statistics show that police shot dead 31 civilians in 1994, up from 23 in 1993. And according to the Civilian Complaint Review Board, the number of complaints about police harassment and brutality jumped 37 per cent last year to 4,590. Most of these complaints originated with African-Americans and Latinos, a trend that suggests local minority leaders. "It is an acceptable that we are being told the police are decreasing one type of crime is increasing," says Richard Preza, national co-ordinator of the National Congress of Puerto Rican Rights.

Skeptics also point out that the recent fall in the crime rate is impressive exactly in relation to the explosion of crime that began in the 1960s and peaked in 1990 with an all-time record of 2,245 murders. Moreover, the crime rate decade will bring an increase in the teenage population—including an unprecedented proportion of poor teens from single-parent families. That, experts say, will inevitably lead to an increase in youth crime. The NYPD's liaison, however, calls the demographic argument "holkey." He cites figures that show that the city's population of 15- to 24-year-olds has gone down by 3.1 per cent since 1990, far less than the drop in the crime rate. Says Banton: "We believe that what's happening here will over time disprove a lot of these commonly held theories. Barring an other type of crack cocaine epidemic, there is no ability to manage crime."

Even good management is not always enough. The Stratton-era police trailer in Bushwick's Maria Hernandez Park failed to prevent the murders of three people within a few weeks this summer. But, by New York standards, the neighborhood does seem to be on the road to recovery. "You couldn't even sit outside before," says resident Vin Alamo, 59. For New York's big Miami, a does not matter much whether the new secure feeling comes from a corporate approach to crime-fighting or merely from graphics. As long as it lasts, they are breathing a little easier.

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World NOTES

ANTI-NUCLEAR FLOTILLA

French commandos stormed two Greenpeace ships and arrested two divers who were protesting French plans to carry out nuclear tests in the South Pacific. International outrage over the blasts has led to widespread diplomatic censure of France, which is ending a self-imposed three-year ban with its program of up to eight underground detonations before next May. Hundreds more protested around the world, including New Zealand, where 98 per cent oppose the tests.

VIOLENCE IN PUNJAB

Sikh militants have been blamed for a powerful air bomb that killed the chief minister of Punjab and 12 others. Jasvir Singh, 33, who devoted his political career to fighting Sikh separatists, died after he armed our blow up. The blast, which also injured 23 people, was the worst such incident in two years, raising fears of a new wave of violence in the Indian state.

SHEVARDNAZE RUNS

Georgian leader Eduard Shevardnadze announced that an attempt on his life would not stop him from running for president of the Caucasian republic. The former Soviet foreign minister was injured when a car bomb exploded outside the Georgian parliament in Tbilisi. A day later, Shevardnadze told thousands of supporters that he will seek office in a November election. Meanwhile, police arrested 10 men in connection with the bombing.

MEXICANS BACK REBELS

Most Mexicans who voted in a referendum went to join the insurgency. Zapatista rebels from a political party, Subcomandante Marcos, leader of the Ejército Revolucionario del Pueblo, spearheaded the referendum from his hideout in the jungle. A million people responded, with 50 per cent supporting the idea of a party. The Zapatistas, who began arming 21 months ago in the southern state of Chiapas, have vowed not to lay down their arms until the government has signed a peace treaty. Peace talks have been stalled for months.

WARNING ON HEART DRUG

U.S. federal health agency issued a warning on a sedative widely prescribed to treat high blood pressure and heart disease, after reviewing safety studies. Patients who take high doses (20 mg a day or more) of short-acting nifedipine—a type of calcium channel blocker sold in Canada as capotes under the brand name Adalat—should consult their doctors, said officials.



Tibetan protesters: a silent demonstration against Chinese rule in their country

Standing up for women's rights

Participants in the world's largest-ever women's conference defied Chinese authorities, staging protests against human-rights abuses and oppression of women. The Chinese government announced that it would allow demonstrations by the 30,000 delegates to two UN-sponsored conferences, in Beijing and the nearby city of Tianjin, but only if they were held in a designated sports arena and did not criticize Chinese policy. But police failed to break up a series of public protests, apparently afraid that allowing them to do so would cause an international outcry. Members of one human-rights group, Amnesty International, raised banners and photos of 13 female political prisoners, including two in China. And 10 Tibetan women, their mouths gagged with rags, carried out a silent demonstration against Chinese rule in their country. "We felt that it would be effective to tape our mouths to reflect an environment where we don't feel free to speak," said Tenzin Delek, a member of the International Committee of Lawyers for Tibet.

Security officials videotaped the women and took notes, but there were no arrests. The successful protests emboldened those at ending a decade of nongovernmental organi-

zations that coincides with the United Nations' Fourth World Conference on Women. Said Amnesty International's secretary general, Pierre Hain: "We have not been silenced anywhere in the world, and we will not be silenced in China."

O.J. tapes barred

Juries in the O.J. Simpson murder trial in Los Angeles will hear only two of 30 excerpts of recorded audiotape that defense lawyers hoped would discredit a key prosecution witness, Mark Fuhrman. Judge Lance Ito ruled that only two statements made by the former Los Angeles police detective during taped conversations with an aspiring North Carolina screenwriter were relevant to the case. In the two excerpts that he ruled the jury may hear, Fuhrman described African-Americans as "niggers," a word he had sworn under oath that he had not used in the past 10 years. Another 29 such references were ruled inadmissible. The defense is also heard advocating the use of violence by police. Simpson's lawyers called Fuhrman "racist" and said they would not abandon their strategy of painting Fuhrman as a blacklisting cop who framed Simpson.

Paul Reichmann bids for redemption at Canary Wharf

A TOWERING DEAL

BY BRENDA DALGLISH

And mortgage banker Sharp was not entirely surprised when he picked up his telephone to hear Paul Reichmann's voice. The two men began a conversation that was to lay the groundwork for a timely but unlikely business alliance. Reichmann wanted to know how Sharp, chairman of Four Seasons Hotels Inc., at Toronto, was getting along with his new business partner, Saudi Arabian Prince al-Waleed bin Abdulaziz al-Saud. Each man's career, the Saudi prince had rescued Sharp's financially straggled international hotel chain with a capital infusion of \$245 million. Not only had the prince come along at a crucial moment, Sharp told Reichmann, but in the months following the deal, Prince al-Waleed had lived up to his promise to provide more money for new projects that would spur the hotel company's growth. Sharp advised Reichmann to go directly to the prince's house in Riyadh and talk to him. "They're both interested in the same kind of long-term quality developments, and they're both highly principled individuals," Sharp told Meadows's last week. "I thought they'd get along extremely well together." And that is how a rich young Saudi prince and the patriarch of an Orthodox Jewish family came to be business partners bidding for one of the world's most ambitious real estate projects, the Canary Wharf office development in London's East End.

The international real estate and banking communities were abuzz last week with talk that Canary Wharf's 11 creditor banks and Reichmann's group of investors were on the verge of closing a deal that would return partial ownership of the London London development to

the man who dreamed it up almost a decade ago. Nonetheless Reichmann met the lead bank for the creditors, Lloyds Bank of London, would remain on the state of the negotiations but others close to the deal sounded confident that it was a matter of when, not if, it would go through. "I certainly don't expect a cheque to be cut this week," said one banker involved in the negotiations last week. "But we're getting close."

Such an arrangement would mark the end of the few times in the 1990s that Paul Reichmann has been on the winning team. His plans for grand-scale real estate developments first in Toronto, then New York City, London and most recently in Mexico City, have floundered. But now, the prospects for Canary Wharf are looking around as the London real estate market recovers. Even the Canadian banks, which had about \$1 billion in loans outstanding when the Reichmann family's real estate development company, Cygnet & York Developments Ltd. (CYD), collapsed in 1992, largely because of Canary Wharf, are pleased with the potential sale. One banker, who specialises in managing what the banks euphemistically refer to as their "special issues," joked about how much the bank was going to recover on its Canary Wharf stake. "Generally," he said, "we aim to get back 300 per cent of what we lent—plus kinds, if we can get it."

If the lenders are right and the Reichmann group is indeed in a buying back Canary Wharf, the score will be quite different from the late 1990s, before an army of creditors had seized on a deeply indebted

DMY. For one thing, Paul Reichmann was no longer to be sole control. Although neither Reichmann nor other members of his group will discuss their plans, it is assumed that Reichmann, the only one with extensive real estate experience, will oversee the operation of Canary Wharf and any future development plans. But management's experience is all Reichmann will bring. Bankers say that most of the \$1.3-billion bet was heavily won creditworthiness in the 1990s in good. Still, some things have not changed. Reichmann, who shifted from creditors some of his family's financial misdeeds, including the non-paying business that he and brothers Ralph and Albert founded in 1992, continues to live in the same relatively modest Toronto home. And Paul Reichmann maintains the office of his new company, Reichmann International LP, in the same location as his old DMY offices in what was once his flagship Toronto office tower, First Canadian Place, which is now under the control of bond holders and creditor banks.

The financing for Reichmann's attempted return to Canary Wharf comes from three partners. Prince al-Waleed, who launched his own bid for Canary Wharf earlier this summer before joining forces with Reichmann, Laurence Tisch, who is chairman of the U.S. entertainment company CMC Inc. and stands to give \$1 billion in its promised stake to Westinghouse Corp., and Michael Price, a U.S. investment fund manager of Price Securities Corp. in Short Hills, N.J. Each is a high-profile player. Price owns 50 per cent of Chase Manhattan Bank Corp., which last week merged with Chemical Banking Corp. of New

Canary Wharf certainly fits that description. At the moment, the \$3.3-billion collection of offices, shops, parks and restaurants consists of 30 office buildings, including the 30-story 1 Canada Square, Britain's tallest building. But Reichmann's original plans called for an 88-story development, including at least 30 office towers with 25 million square feet of leasable space. In all, he envisioned a development housing about 50,000 workers in luxury office towers whose stark modernism would change the skyline of London and regenerate the derelict docklands on which the project was built.

To date, Reichmann's vision has only been partially realized. Canada Tower is now fully occupied to the 31st floor, leased at rates that observers believe are lower than quoted rates of \$34 to \$35 per square foot. But the top floors, the most expensive to build, are still vacant. Of the 4.5 million square feet of leasable space in the development, about one million square feet are still vacant. Vacancies are expected to fall further next year, when a new subway line is scheduled for completion, connecting the remote site to the rest of London's business district four kilometres away.

But even now, Canary Wharf does have a great deal to offer. In London's main financial district, known as the City, businesses are housed in old, craggy buildings. Now have the deep floor spaces in use to run the network of computer wires and telecommunications cables now commonplace in North American office buildings. Also, Canary Wharf's towers are air-conditioned, a rare feature in



Canary Wharf at night: Paul Reichmann (right) London's real estate market is recovering faster than expected

SHIFTING FORTUNES

1988 Led by Ralph Reichmann, the family begins to suffer in Toronto from Timpson and enters a currency-impairing slump, which unravels by the mid-1990s into Cygnet & York Developments Ltd.

1988 The company pays \$2.8 billion for control of Gulf Credits.

1988 After a better start, the Reichmanns acquire control of Heine Walker Resources for \$3 billion.

1987 Paul Reichmann takes over the Canary Wharf development in London, committing him to spending up to \$4 billion by 1996.

1992 A plunge in real estate prices and lack of cash causes DMY to collapse. Coatl administration takes control of the company's properties, including Canary Wharf.

1993 Paul Reichmann and U.S. investment George Soros launch a \$1.4-billion real estate development in Mexico City.

1995 Paul Reichmann leads a bid for Canary Wharf and a soon joined by a Saudi prince.

York to become the biggest bank in the United States. Price, a reported mortgage at the deal, will pocket \$38 million in profit on his \$257-million investment in Chase as a result of the merger.

The three financiers have different investment strategies, but their interests all converged on Canary Wharf. David Margolis, a senior banker with Wood Gundy Inc. in Toronto, who advised Prince al-Waleed on the Four Seasons deal, says the prince makes long-term investments in companies that already have proven management. In addition to Four Seasons, the 30-year-old prince recently purchased minority stakes in a variety of other cash-starved high-profile companies, including New York-based Citicorp World, Euro Disney in France, Saba Fish America and the Fairmont hotel chain in Mexico City. "He's interested," explained Margolis, "in businesses that are large companies of quality."

London, and one that has been welcome this year as London swayed through an unusually bad summer. While some investors, including Canada Bank, owner of London's Daily Telegraph newspaper, are fans of the project, others are less enthusiastic. Several newspapers have attacked the site and journalists are among its most vocal critics. "It's the most planned urban project in the world," says Andrew Kress, a reporter from the Daily Mirror. "There are good parks and restaurants and pretty good shops. But it still feels like a prison because it's in the middle of the East End with nothing around it, so you're stuck in one place."

Canary Wharf is now owned by 11 investors, including the Toronto-based Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, and Montreal-based Royal Bank of Canada and National Bank. The banks had initially suggested that it might be a decade or more before the market would re-

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Calgary

- Take Doctor
- Shoes by O'Connell
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cover enough to sell Canary Wharf. But early last year, the bankers decided to put the docklands development up for sale. Ex-plained one banker involved in the acquisition: "There's no question that the London market came back much sooner than we originally anticipated."

Although bankers were upset with Paul Reichman last in their view, indicating their about the state of O&Y's finances in the years leading up to its collapse in 1993, they claim that the current negotiations are as tangled by bad feelings. In May 1992, just after O&Y's collapse, one unidentified banker angrily told a newspaper: "Paul Reichman is finished. The Reichman myth has been

one led by Hong Kong magazine La Roshing and the other by New York real estate investor Leon Black, are now holding for them."

In Canada, Robert Lowe, an accountant who is acting for the administrator, Coopers & Lybrand Inc., says that the large and complex task of cleaning up the O&Y assets is wrapping up. A number of Canadian buildings have been sold, including the Acton Canada Centre in Toronto and Gulf Canada Square in Calgary. Says Lowe: "I think all of the essential issues will be resolved in the next year." But one banker from a credit bank says that sales to date have been unspectacular, reflecting the lack of recovery in Canadian real estate market. "I tend to have a negative view



Prince of Wales: living up to his promise to provide money for new projects

plenty exploded and there is a lot of anger and resentment directed towards them from many quarters." But three years later, the bankers are in a less vindictive mood. "This is no economic transaction," said one banker last week. "It's not about good or bad in the bank, we don't care about anything else."

Of course, the sale of Canary Wharf will also mean an immediate boost in bank profits. In 1992 and 1993, the banks wrote off billions of dollars in loans to Olympia & York. Any recovery on those loans now would go straight to their bottom lines.

Although Canary Wharf is by far the single largest former O&Y asset, the company also had many other properties in Canada and the United States. Court-appointed administrators are overseeing the refinancing of these buildings and have already made a number of sales. In the United States, two major office towers in New York and all the properties in Los Angeles have been sold. Still on the block are several office buildings, including the two-story World Financial Centre, a three-building complex that is part of New York's most sought-after business addresses. Two groups,

about the long-term outlook for office towers," he added. "By 2010 or 2020, we could all be working out of our homes, and there would be little need for all these downtown office buildings."

But clearly, Paul Reichman does not share that view. His ambition to build great buildings still burns. Unlike the collapse of the Mexican peso at the beginning of the year, Reichman planned to construct a 50-building mega-development in Mexico City. That \$1.4-billion project was put on hold because of Mexico's currency troubles and will join as the part of Reichman's key 25-year project. U.S. billionaire George Soros, if the Canary Wharf deal goes through, Reichman will be back in the real estate business, accompanied by deep-pocketed partners. For years, bankers and a host of other investors followed his grand real-estate dreams. If nothing else, Reichman's return to Canary Wharf would prove his faith in a higher economic future was not misplaced.

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BUSINESS

Riding the sales track

Selling CN will take layoffs and government cash

Frank Mazzuca, the steady, no-nonsense mayor of Capreol, Ont., is standing still. Standing in his front yard, staring at the rows of apples, he says business has been lost ever since Canadian National Railway Co. began cutting back in the town. Ten years ago, 1,400 people worked for CN in Capreol, a small railway town north of Sudbury, but the number is down to 450 and falling. "CN is plucking us like a chicken," complains Mazzuca. Now, with the Crown-owned railway about to be privatized, communities all along CN's track are bracing for the axe. In fact, last week, to make the railway more attractive to shareholders, CN said it will lay off almost 5,000 of its 28,500 workers. To further soothe investors, Ottawa will spend \$1.4 billion into CN

to reduce its \$2.75-billion debt. The cash and layoffs, says CN chief executive Paul Teller, will make his company's shares easier to buy. Declared Teller: "CN is ready to grow."

Since CN's creation in 1918, Canadian investors have poured \$90 billion into the Montreal-based railway. This year's additional \$1.4 billion, according to a preliminary prospectus filed with the Ontario Securities Commission, consists of a \$600-million special share purchase and \$800-million to buy the railway's executive, property assets. CN also plans to sell all virtually all its non-rail assets, allowing the company to concentrate on its rail operations. When the job cuts and other changes are completed, Teller said, "CN will be strictly a rail operation and nothing else."

Analysts say that Ottawa could recoup

some of the expenditures over time by selling the real estate assets. As well, proceeds from the share issue will be turned over to the government. After the cost of the \$300-million bailout is deducted, Ottawa could receive as much as \$1 billion. Transport Minister Doug Young pointed Ottawa's financial package for the railway on the grounds that CN's debt was so large that it would deter investors. Julia Tom Caldwell, president of Toronto-based Caldwell Securities Ltd., "CN's debt was all the better for us."

With its debt under control, Teller is also taking steps to ensure that CN can operate in a more competitive environment. He plans to offer incentives to workers, including \$6,000 interest-free loans to buy company shares. He also plans to offer CN's top managers a stock option with a twist. Teller wants to reduce CN's operating costs to the level of major U.S. railways, but the executives will only receive options if they reach that goal.

But whether the layoffs and debt reduction will have investors in open to question, Caldwell says that while CN is moving in the right direction, the investment community is still concerned about CN's overcapacity problem in Eastern Canada. In many areas east of Thunder Bay, both CN and CP Rail Systems have lines running close together, and as a result, neither railway is installed with its own track levels in the region. Said Caldwell: "I don't know how this gets resolved in the East."

Meanwhile, union spokesmen say the company plan to sell CN is badly flawed and unfair to both taxpayers and workers. Bob Chernick, assistant to the president of the Canadian Area Workers union, which represents most of the railway workers, said he plans to meet Teller to discuss the layoffs. "We're going to fight like hell to save these jobs," says Chernick. And on the streets of railway towns like Capreol, it is disappointing jobs, not CN's looming share issue, that are the main concern.

JOHN FENNELL

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



Find out September 18th

Business NOTES



From left, Turner, building the world's largest entertainment company

Courting a media giant

Time Warner Inc. announced a surprise but friendly \$11.6-billion takeover bid for Ted Turner's Atlanta-based Turner Broadcasting System Inc. If the offer is successful, New York City-based Time Warner would become the world's largest media company. Newsday, its own Warner Bros. film and television studios, as well as music and magazine divisions, with Turner's CNN news channel, the film and television production studio Rockwell Entertainment, Atlanta Braves baseball team and basketball Atlanta Hawks, plus a vast library of films and television shows. Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin reportedly negotiated the offer at the ranch in Montana that Turner shares with his wife, actress Jane Fonda. Time Warner's offer, which would involve a transfer of shares rather than cash, must also be approved by cable company Tele-Communications Inc., the largest minority shareholder in Turner Broadcasting. The proposed deal would be the latest in a series of media mergers creating integrated global companies. In recent weeks, Walt Disney Co. announced a \$25-billion takeover of Capital Cities/ABC Inc., while Time Warner's parent Corp. announced a \$17.5-billion bid for Cito Inc. If the Time Warner merger is not consummated, Turner

is expected to be courted by General Electric Co., which owns the NBC network, as well as by Rupert Murdoch's News Corp.

Economy shrinks

Canada's economy slumped in the second quarter posting its worst three-month performance in four years. But economists say that strong growth expected in the rest of the year means there is little danger of a recession, which is defined as two consecutive quarters of decline. Canada's economic output dropped 1.1 percent in an annual basis between April and June, as high interest rates kept consumers out of shops, exports dropped and construction activity faltered. "Everyone expected the second quarter to be bad, and it was bad," said John McCallum, chief economist at Royal Bank of Canada. "The 1 point drop most of the slowdown is over now." He said the U.S. economy, which also slumped early in the year, is now expected to post solid growth, which will help Canadian businesses. The only fear raised by economists was the possibility of a shift in the Quebec public's mood toward separation. That would likely lead to higher interest rates and a sluggish economy.

PRIME RATE DROPPED

Borrowing costs fell to their lowest level since September 1994, as the banks dropped their prime rate by one-quarter of a percentage point to eight per cent. The cut followed a rise in the value of the Canadian dollar, which climbed to a 70-month high of 74.66 cents (U.S.). The dollar's increase was attributed in part to the results of a poll that showed that most Quebecers remain opposed to sovereignty.

MINING MORATORIUM

Saying that national parks are "more precious than gold," U.S. President Bill Clinton announced a moratorium on new mining development by a Canadian company of a mine burrowing the northeast corner of Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming. Noranda Inc. of Toronto wants to open the Crown Butte gold mine near the park despite strong opposition from local environmentalists. The U.S. National Mining Association opposed the moratorium, saying that it "only serves to jeopardize the government's ongoing environmental review of this project."

DUMPING UNITEL LOANS

The National Bank of Montreal sold to \$40 million worth of loans to Unitel Communications Inc. of Toronto for an estimated 70 cents on the dollar. In July, Hongkong Bank of Canada sold its \$25 million in Unitel loans to a U.S. venture investment fund for about 70 cents on the dollar. The sales appear to indicate that Unitel's creditors are growing nervous about the fate of Canada's largest alternative long distance carrier. So far this year, Toronto banks have granted it three extensions on a \$650-million loan that was originally due on Dec. 31, 1994.

RUN ON THE BANK

Japan's financial system suffered a double blow when panicked depositors pulled their money out of the country's largest credit union and a regional bank. The 10-year-old Kyogo Bank Ltd. of Kobe became Japan's first bank to close since the Second World War. Earlier, fights broke out when depositors tried to get their money out of a credit union in Osaka.

RECORD LOTTERY

Quebecans lined up last week for the largest-ever lottery jackpot as the country's estimated \$24-million prize for Lotto 6/49. The largest previous prize was a \$19.6-million Lotto 6/49 draw in October, 1990. Officials say large prizes more than pay for themselves, a recent \$19-million Lotto 6/49 draw raised \$25.5 million in Ontario alone.

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Ten reasons why the separatists are losing

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

The outcome of the Quebec referendum has always hung less on what Jacques Parizeau does or says than on the lead of future he is advocating for Quebec's secession. Early indications are that the referendum result will be negative, for at least 10 good reasons.

10. Quebecers are smart (0). They don't like to see their tax money wasted trying to bribe voters. During the summer, Parizeau sent a \$80-million cheque to 161,000. David Sheppard in Lewis to pursue the jobs of 100 maintenance workers who had threatened to vote against the separatist option if they were laid off.

9. The Jacques Parizeau Factor (0). The Parti Québécois leader is either a misanthropic intellectual or an overambitious politician. But he's not a fool. The reason he sounds so unconvincing on the campaign these days is that he can't be sure in his mind to convince himself that what he's saying makes any sense. He is far too honest (or at least too smart) to believe in what he's preaching. He knows perfectly well that once Quebec has declared independence, he'll be on his own with the rest of Canada becoming an impossible dream. For any politician outside Quebec to support that option would be tantamount to endorsing Paul Bernier as its party whip.

8. The votes aren't there. Statisticians and pollsters who have been assessing Quebec's political mood remain unconvinced that the majority of the province's population will support separation. The first clue came in the 1990 election. At that time, the Conservative party under Jim Campbell was doing its best to keep without a leg hold, the Liberals under Jean Charest could not get virtually no support outside Montreal, and the Reform party and the NDP weren't even running in the province. At the time, Quebecers had nothing to lose and all kinds of influence to gain by voting for Lucien Bouchard's separatist Bloc Québécois. The

The reason Jacques Parizeau sounds so unconvincing is that he can't convince himself that what he's saying makes any sense

Bloc did win the largest number of seats, but its leaders didn't add up to 50 per cent of the total vote. A year later when Quebecers went to the polls in a provincial election, Parizeau won, but he couldn't get 50 per cent, either. The campaign lasted another 24 hours or so. Daniel Johnson's Liberals would likely have won a plurality last time around. Lévesque & Lévesque the Montreal politician, found that while the Yes and No sides were running about even, only 68 per cent of those who were supporting sovereignty said their decision was firm, as opposed to 82 per cent on the No side who vowed never to change their minds.

7. The federalists' silence is golden. Jean Charest is making it so clear and doing his nearly two years in office he has demonstrated an amazing ability to spend his power wisely. When he joins the referendum debate, late in the game, he will make every appearance count, pronouncing not only the merits of his own side, but also speaking out in favour of those currently being pressured by his adversaries who will pay for Quebec to remain part of Canada. Some of his ministers will then make use of his well-documented reasons why

Quebecers could not leave Confederation with Canadian passports, Canadian dollars and Canadian dual-citizenship papers in their jeans. They will explain in unimpeachable terms that, under the circumstances, none of these consequences are possible or practical, and the effect could be devastating.

6. Nobody cares. Like the rest of us, Quebecers face such real problems as a deteriorating job market for the young, no employment for the unemployed, and a very uncertain future for many of the primary and secondary industries that have traditionally provided the provincial economy's strength. A recent poll showed that only six per cent of Quebecers thought sovereignty should be the province's top priority.

5. French is safe. Ottawa has done everything possible to assure the official place of the French language within Confederation, even though the computer world is increasingly programming itself to operate in English—and it's English that has become the world's business language. There is some of the movement that aimed at Quebec voters. Local singers like Céline Dion are busy recording hits for Walt Disney; poets have been reduced to earning a living as nightclub crooners. The causes themselves have been driven out of business by the politicians trying to make sense out of their own convoluted policy positions.

4. There can't be two. Many, many, many Jacques will have different agendas. They are united only by the hope of eliminating one another. Their alliance will founder before referendum day, as the three agendas reveal their true colors.

3. The Jacques Parizeau Factor (0). In past campaigns, the PQ leader has opened his mouth mainly to change feet. His slips of the tongue (and mouth) are bound to lead to an end to the campaign sooner. It's becoming obvious that the main beneficiary of an independent Quebec would be Parizeau himself. Instead of remaining the lively promoter of an important province, he would become the maligned president of a marginal republic, able to bore the United Nations by showing one of those amicable speeches through his microphone. He would at last be officially installed in his Quebec City presidential palace, instead of merely living in a donated house that looks like one.

2. We need Quebec in Confederation. Anybody who Quebecers aren't happy with in Canada is the only growth industry we've got left.

1. Quebecers are smart (0). Certainly they're not dumb enough to believe that they'd get a better deal than Canada outside Confederation than they would as members of the Canadian family. Sovereignty means that in an extreme, not like Ottawa, night-life and recreational divorce.

Good sense will triumph on referendum night. Quebec will be safe. Until the next time . . .



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HEALTH

Sounding an alarm

Can some medications promote cancer?

Lorne Brondes is a man with a mission. A physician and researcher at the Macleod Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation in Winnipeg, Brondes has long suspected that some widely used drugs may have the unintended

side effect of stimulating tumour growth. In 1992, he and other researchers published a study showing that two popular antidepressants, Prozac and Elavil, seemed to promote cancer growth in laboratory animals. Two years later, Brondes published the results of another investigation, which showed that three commonly used antihypertensives also appeared to promote cancer growth in mice. Now, in an article published in the latest issue of the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*, Brondes describes two fascinating cases in which drugs being used for unrelated conditions had a striking effect on cancer growth. (An editorial in the *Journal* notes, the cases by themselves prove nothing about the safety of the two drugs involved—the antidepressant Elavil and a widely used antihypertensive that is not detailed in the article. But the editorial suggests that the cases should cause physicians to "begin taking stock of what could possibly be happening to people

who have detected or undetected tumours and who are taking antidepressants or antihypertensives.")

Both cases occurred last year and involved patients of Brondes. One was a 63-year-old woman who developed cancer that



Brondes (right) with Frances discussing disturbing cases

affected her forehead, upper eyelids and the bridge of her nose. The woman was taking daily doses of lithium carbonate—a substance that has been linked to some forms of cancer in the past—to treat her manic-depressive illness. When, at Brondes's suggestion, she stopped taking lithium, the cancer showed signs of subsiding. But when her

mental state deteriorated and she was put on another antidepressant drug—and eventually back on lithium—the cancer grew rapidly and killed her.

In the other case, a 71-year-old woman who had previously been operated on for colon cancer was found to be suffering from a recurrence of the disease. The woman decided against further surgery, and received no more treatment. But she was aware of Brondes's earlier study involving antihypertensives. As the woman later explained to Brondes's nurse, Linda Friesen, she decided to stop using an over-the-counter decongestant, which she had been taking for 12 years and which contained an antihypertensive. Within 60 days, her cancer—a type that rarely, if ever, regains its spontaneous remission—had vanished. So far, her cancer has remained in remission.

Brondes predicted that medical authorities would dismiss his observations. "They'll probably say, 'Don't worry about Dr. Brondes—he's overreacting.'" But some cancer researchers told that Brondes's paper was potentially significant. "It's important that doctors know about these cases, so the next time they come across the same thing in their own practices," said Dr. David Hordley, a cancer researcher at Toronto's Princess Margaret Hospital. "But if in other cases come out of the woodwork, then I think we will be able to conclude that what Dr. Brondes saw were simply coincidences." Until that question is resolved, some patients and their doctors may become more cautious about using the medications singled out in Brondes's disturbing study.

MARK NICHOLS

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



➔ Find out September 11th

we start talking about my personal life." The director, who lives alone in an apartment overlooking the Plains of Abraham, prefers not to discuss intimate matters. "I'm dramatic and masochist in all sorts of ways," he says. "Whether with women or men, I've always had really passionate relationships. And they all ways end really, really rough. It's had no important effect on my art, but I don't have the subject matter on it—it's not like Woody Allen."

As he writes *Le confessional*, life and art, or rather death and art, become eerily coincident. Three years ago, on the day he started the script with a scene of the father's funeral, the father of a close friend died. "I postponed it for a while," says Lepage. "When I went back to it, I learned my father had cancer. He died of stomach cancer. A few months later, when I had to deliver my first draft, he died. Then the actor who was supposed to play the principal character, his father died. Suddenly, all these people were losing their fathers."

"The coincidences 'confirmed my intuitions,'" adds Lepage. "You feel these things. The film is the pre-forged mourning. *Abandon* deals more directly with the emotions of losing your father, and what happens to your relationship with your mother and your Hamilton and your Quebec or whatever."

The director's father, Fernand Lepage, spent 21 years in the Canadian navy before settling down behind the wheel of a cab in Quebec. He would be at sea for months at a time. And while stationed in Halifax, he and his wife, Germaine, adopted two children: David and Jean. After the move to Quebec, Germaine gave birth to Robert in 1957. Then to Linda a year later. The adopted children continued their education in English, while Robert and Linda were schooled in French. "My family is a strange negotiator for Canada," notes Lepage. "I have this strong impression even of the same flesh, even if it's not the case."

Fortified earned him income by contacting him in his 50s. "He had a good love for the city," recalls Lepage, "and he spoke good English. He would say all of these stories in French, the tourists' language. There was this tiny house on a hill by the river, and he'd say, 'You see this house? There's a family of 14 kids living there. He would go on about how French Canadians had huge families and lived in very small spaces."

In cultural circles around the world, he is a superstar



► The director, a scene from his film (right): visual poetry



► Lepage directing François (left) as Jeanne and Guy (right) as Jean. "A lot of my kinship died or committed suicide. So I always feel I have to live fully, to live into the past."

Mysteries and mortal sins

LE CONFESSIOINAL
Directed by Robert Lepage

Ambitious, intricate and ingenious, writer-director Robert Lepage's first feature explores the middle of identity as a self-discovery of levels. "In the city where I was born" relates the narrator, "the past comes the present like a child on its shoulders." The story is Quebec City, which becomes a character in the film. And the narrator is Pierre (Laurie St-Onge), who has come home for his father's funeral after studying painting for three years in Paris. He comes with his adopted brother

or Marc (Patrick Doyette), a homosexual tormented by the mystery surrounding his birth. The secret seems to lie with a decadent cabaret named Masquerade (Jean-Louis Milford). The story shifts between 1962 and 1982: the year after Michel's move to Quebec City to film / Confess, the tale of a priest who receives a murderer's confession in the church where Hitchcock (Ron Sprott) is shooting a special film in connection of a different son—his 16-year-old son (Suzanne Clémence), who works as a maid in the

church and is pregnant with Marc. Moving in clips of / Confess, Lepage sets up a mind-boggling web of events between the two films. On a visual level, *Le confessional* is intricately composed, and full of tempo-film irony with the camera in an arena space. Lepage cuts from a shot of Pierre's father slaving away at a stage, next to a shot of what appears to be a stage—until the camera lifts up to show Pierre clearing a trash as he spends his father's apartment.

Building gives a superbly calibrated performance by the delicate Pierre, singing wailing up just beneath his placed eyes. Lepage's delivery is a teaching lesson as the priest (Richard Ash) and Marc (Gagné) is meeting as Pierre's mother. But Lepage is a stage with images than with character. In a story dominated by fatherhood, the role of Pierre's father (François) is a slightly awkward. And, at times, Lepage seems to have a few too many cuts in the air—he can throw in clips of Charlie Tarramano Square masses.

Lepage's direction, meanwhile, is at most poetically controlled. In *Confessional* is a sequence of Apollinaire's *Confession* (1962), not just because both movies include table dancing, but because of the way Lepage picks back narrative layers of repression and anger. The effect is oddly disturbing and disturbing.

B.J.

which was true." In fact, the six Lepage—along with three grandmothers, an uncle and a cousin—of various stages shared a five-room apartment. "For a long time," Lepage recalls, "my brother and I slept in the living room."

Robert's aptitude for creative deconstruction was obvious from an early age. His sister Linda Beaulieu, who sells playthings in Quebec City, remembers Robert as "the kind of child who, when you gave him a gift, he would take it apart to see how it worked." He even showed an early talent for drag. One winter, Linda recalls, he collected the discarded Christmas trees on his street and planted them in the snow behind the house to create a forest.

But childhood whimsy was mixed with the trauma of Lepage's late loss, which began at age 15. "Then, it's the loss of my life," he says. "It completely sculpted my personality and my way of viewing the world. It was terrible, like being a normal kid. You always wear a baseball cap. You don't go swimming because you have to take it off. You feel after a point that you'd be happier if you were crippled, because people don't make fun of people who are crippled." Thus he adds: "The main impact is realising the immense cruelty of the world towards anything that is not normal. Not that you become bitter. On the contrary. You start developing techniques

trained in them under Swiss director Allen Kassir, who taught that acting, directing and writing are all part of the same work. In 1982, he joined Quebec City's Theatre Repère, an experimental theatre dedicated to a similar theory, that creative creation should always begin with a tangible resource—an object or experience rather than an idea.

With *Después de Trévis*, Lepage's first directing triumph, the story was a great success. It covered the last months of Quebec City's Chinatown, where his mother and her once lived. Incorporating dance, skating and mime-like effects, Trévis played as a historic history of Chinatown in Quebec City, Montreal and Vancouver. In various incarnations, it was staged in England, France and Austria, re-establishing Lepage's international reputation. (The Repère, meanwhile, announced the creative director's return with his latest, notably the women known to his circle as the "Two Mamas"—Bressard and actress Marie Gagné.

Lepage seemed to do his best work with women. Before Bressard, his closest friend and creative partner was an actress named Jeanne Lachapelle. In the fall of 1980, she was raped and stabbed to death in Quebec City by an attacker who then ate her. The police questioned Lepage as a

Sleight of stage—and screen

Robert Lepage has worked his way into theatre, opera and film—as an actor, writer and director. Some of his credits:

Co-writer and director: *The Dogma Play* (1985) which won the Quebec Theatre Critics Association award for best production in 1987

Writer, director and actor in the one-man show *Marc* (1988), a hit in Canada and France

Actor (playing Pontius Pilate) in *Jesus of Montreal* (1988), the acclaimed film by Denys Arcand

Co-writer and director of the spectacle *Richesse Plébe* (1988)

Writer, director and actor in the one-man show *Abandon* and *Spectre* (1991) he led by the New York City's Village Voice for its "sublime playfulness"

Director of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1992) at London's Royal National Theatre, dubbed "visual poetry" by *The Sunday Times*

Director of the award-winning opera *Abandon* (1993), which has travelled to the United States, Scotland and Australia, and will be mounted in February in Hong Kong

Writer and director of *Le confessional*, his first feature film, which made its debut at Cannes (1996)

suspect, along with her lover, her co-leader and her twin brother. There had been a wave of arrests then in the city, and although they turned out to be unrelated to the case, the police were under great pressure to make an arrest. They told everyone at our institute we'd confessed, just to see how they'd react," he says. "They'd flash pictures of burned cadavers. The way out was to submit to a polygraph. Be detected, yes. And we were all trapped and trapped by it. I had a lot of psychological problems at the time that followed."

Adding a ghastly twist: a young Quebec film-maker, Yves Simenon, wrote a script inspired by the case even though it was unresolved. "We all thought it was a bit audacious, because the police were still out on us," says Lapage. It became downright audacious when Simenon asked Lapage to play the killer, Irving Sleg. "Only you can do it." At Simenon's insistence, Lapage read the script and was mortified to discover that it claimed with a sense of the killer taking off his wig and hide eyebrows. Simenon shot the movie, *Les yeux rouges* (Red Eyes, 1982) with a modified rating and without Lapage.

The light behind the actual murder turned out to be stronger than fiction. Two years, two months and two days after the killing, on Dec. 23, the killer of 28-year-old Lachapelle, Christina Gagnon, was caught after her confessing his crime to another woman and offering to show her how he'd do it. Obsessed with neurology, he suffered from a multiple personality disorder and, like his victim, he was a teen.

Lepage later explored the trauma of the ordeal in his play *Polygraph* (1989). Co-written with Brasseur, the story focuses a hazy, somewhat lively suggestion of murder, a neurologist who lies to him about the results of his lie-detective test and an actress who has doubts about being cast in a movie as the murder victim. The stage was dominated by a wall that served as the Berlin Wall, a division between spectators, and the segment dividing the chambers of the heart.

Now, Brasseur is scripting a movie version of *Polygraph*, in which she will play the actress cast as the victim in the film with the film. The synchronicity comes full circle. Brasseur first got to know Lapage just after Lachapelle's death, and "she kind of replaced him in my life," says Lepage. "We became very close friends and lived together for a while in Montreal."

Lepage spent six years living in Montreal. And while serving as artistic director of French Theatre at the National Arts Centre from 1981 to 1985, he can claim to have worked in Ottawa. But last year, he returned to Quebec City to create his own theatre company, Ex Machina. "People always think you have to live in big centres to survive as an artist," he says. "Montreal is a lot of fun. You go out late at night and have a lot of booze. But you're not necessarily more inspired. Quebec City is a good place to devote itself to an international career." Then he adds: "Quebec City has this energy that I missed in New York. It's a place where you can take care of people who you love. Europe to get here. So people who come really want to come here."

After so much getting around the world, Lepage is ready for the world to come to him. "I don't want to sound provincial," he says, "but I got off from every open house in the world—La Scala, La Scala. We have artists from city companies, from 10,000 people. It needs a house, however. And that is the idea behind La Casse de l'Estimée: the craftsmen told me in planning to build in an old Quebec City fire hall. The city and the province have already pledged \$3.5 million towards its \$10-million budget. But the federal government is still sitting. "There's been a long delay—as is the reform bill," he adds, disappointed. "We're going ahead anyway. We're taking a very big risk."

Lepage's own position on the sovereignty information is circum-spect. "I think I would vote 'Yes for sovereignty,'" he says, "but with a lot of cautions and conditions." He has had frequent contact with Premier Jacques Parizeau. "I end up on phone with these people,"



says the director, "and the speeches they give in Quebec are not the same as what I hear from them abroad—about they're selling a very open-minded, less xenophobic idea of independence."

Lepage may be married in Quebec, but Japan has become his mistress. While creating his *Alibi* music play, *The Secret Struggle of the River God*, he became a frequent visitor. "Japan is very much part of my life now," he says. "For me, it represents an ideal environment for creating. The way culture is embedded, and sports and health and morals are all inter-connected." In Japan, the private sector feels a duty to support the arts, he adds. "They feel they have this threat to the past. Here, money just kind of passes—there's no sense of heritage."

Secret Struggle, which is set in several cities, involves a series of characters who cross paths in Hiroshima. The story starts revolves around a Czech woman who survives a Nazi concentration camp and an army photographer's son who lives in New York City. With its only male seven-hour running time, the play is an



Family portrait with (clockwise, from upper left) Gagnon, Elton, David, Anne, but in their Lepage as a child: early theme

Theatre should be like the Olympics'

adventure in style, an attempt to defy traditions at time and space, to expand a world of shattering attention spans. "People like to participate in an event," says Lepage. "They like to picnic, to go out and enter another person's world. *Phantom of the Opera* is out on event. It's a prearranged black of music and lighting. And you can be sure that your cousin who paid \$200 has seen the same thing you saw. I say there is another art form called theatre that does exactly the opposite. It should be like the Olympics, about human beings trying to be the gods. The theatre is an Olympic place where you are people performing to try to achieve things beyond their capability—and where you witness their falls."

A basement rehearsal gym in Quebec City's Grand Theatre, Lepage is blocking a scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The scene, delivering his speech about "the fantastic, the lover and the poet," leads his cast across the stage, stepping across a heartbreak of wooden chairs that the other actors frantically dash down in front of the proscenium and outside from behind it, like a ladder bridge. Trading gaps back and forth with the actors, Lepage conducts the rehearsal in a relaxed, breathing fashion. He raises the scene over and over, then discusses it all but two of the actors, who stay behind to practice some acrobatics.

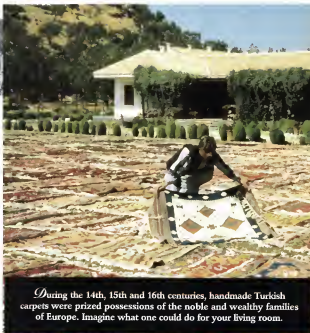
A woman in black tight is slithering up a rope that dangles from the

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contingent, who plays Buck. Below her, a stocky actor named Jules Philip plays the fiery Delmonico, her mounting scorch. Lander slides down the rope and lands in his back. Lander suggests she ride him like a rodeo horse. The director's assistant wilyly reminds him that at this point the stage floor will be slanted into a sea filled with water. Not only will the audience be screaming around in all kinds of a con-tortion on his back, he will be going upkilt, and getting wet. "Don't tell him that right now," says the director.

Lepage sends Lander up the rope again. He has her swing across the stage and back. Philip from behind—pushing her into a narrow-sidled—then swing back to jump on top of him. The director tells him to punctuate the end of the sequence by slipping down off the floor with his hands "fla, fla, fla, fla! Enchantez—c'est là!" Philip wobbly throws down some stunts to protect his battered knees. The actors practice the moment again and again until it works with flywheel precision. Lepage articulates the action with a conductor's fist gestures. He suggests another move. With Lander clinging to the rope high above the floor, he gets Philip to try sliding her off. Then, he shifts spacing her at circles, faster and faster until the rope and the conductor, who continues to recite rhythmic penmanence, are a blur.

The new version of *Ennui* is Lepage's fourth. He has completed it, he says. And this time, he is working with water instead of mud, the medium for the London production, which was hailed as a theatrical landmark as a pair with Peter Szink's circus-like production two decades earlier. But Lepage claims he has no interest in his past work. "He has this attitude to the new and to the future," says Lander. "He's always digging. He has tremendous energy."

Lepage tends to sleep just three or four hours a night, a habit he says he inherited from his father. Actors have trouble keeping up to him. "We're dying, and he wants to keep going," says Giguère. "It's his

compensatory. And he can get upset if someone is a bit slow to understand. It's not being an incorporation and it doesn't happen the first time, he gets nervous." Adds Giguère: "Sometimes he wants us to write something, and we give him all different versions and he says, 'No, that's not it.' So we tell him to write it. But the strange thing is, he doesn't believe he can write. Writing takes time, and Robert is someone who wants things to happen immediately."

The director's obsession with work leaves little time for a normal life. He rarely takes vacations, and when he does, it's very hard to be on holiday with him, says Giguère. "If you take a public boat, he always wants to go faster." His assistant, Philippe Soldevilla, says Lepage "doesn't have a driver's license, and doesn't know how much he relies on, or what he's got to be back." Lander is another blind spot. The scene him show up at, receptive with a big smile in his shirt. He'll wash his clothes in his bathtub and hang them on the towel rack—he needs a maid," adds Soldevilla. "Material things do not interest Robert. But he's very possessive. He's always buying people meals and plane tickets to Japan."

Lepage has a cine studio for the trappings of show business. And he maintains he is in the most abundant theatre for women. After *Le confessional* opened the prestigious Directors' Fortnight at the Cannes Film Festival last May, everyone kept asking about his "re-re-re-re-re" move. He says, "They'd say, 'Now that you've made it, what are

you going to do next? But I'm interested in becoming a film director—I've got a career." Eventually, he says, film, merging with theatre, and for now he tries it as a way to communicate to a more personal level. While his plays tend to be collective impressions, "film is a solitary thing," he says. "It's very therapeutic. You sit at a hotel room writing the script." Though new to film-making, Lepage was a quick study, according to his colleagues on *Le confessional*. "Many directors today don't even know their lenses," says the film's star, Laurence Lutzer. "I felt he knew everything by heart in three days because he's got that first memory. Dialogue is not his forte. You're replying things at the last second. You have 17 drafts and then you choose one, you jump without a net."

Others have occasionally complained that there is a coldness in Lepage's work, that visual grandiosity masks a lack of emotional expression from actors. "That are tears proof of emotion?" asks Lepage. "I don't think so. Emotion is something the audience has to have, not the actors. Actors are not necessarily possessed by the character." Certainly there are strong emotions at work beneath the surface, usually a profound fear of being alone. "That's my main fear," he says. "Any fear of losing friends, parents, lovers. Death is not an obscure thing for me. My grandfather and grandfather died in my house, in the bed that I have slept in. A lot of my friends died or committed suicide. So I always feel I have to live fully, to give into the pool. It gives me vertigo—which is the feeling I wanted to express at the end of *Le confessional*."

On the set, says Lutzer, Lepage always "radiates a sense visually. That's his way of directing, and you are the policemen." Lepage's art is preoccupied with going between. The final image of *Le confessional* is a dizzying shot of a bridge spanning the St. Lawrence River. Its mass of golden repents a grid world that occurs throughout the film—from the latter ceilings of cabins in a gay bathhouse to the grille of the confessional where it is the image of the film, the porous wall, and it runs throughout Lepage's work. From *Photograph* to *Ennui*, he has hands and faces and blood coming through walls.

For Lepage, the medium is the metaphor. He is a Canadian thinker in a tradition that ranges from Marshall McLuhan to cyberneticist orville William Gibson. He is divided into what, as a writer, is, a blank landscape, and as the doors and windows that connect our divided extremes.

Attempting to explain his method, Lepage offers a time-worn analogy, all the time carved into the rock to tell him what to sculpt. "You start with something you suspect contains a lot of rich stuff and you chip off the excess as you go along. As an artist, to come out with anything meaningful you have to be extremely late. Picasso once said—and I always use this quote—that people expect artists to come up with ideas. On the contrary, you have to come up with quietness."

Certainly, Lepage has a scar on his wrist in the shape of a question mark. There is not much of a story behind it. He says. He was 35. It was a hot spring day, and he splashed some water on his sister Linda, who was in the backyard, sunbathing in a bikini. As he chased her into the house, he put his hand through a window in the kitchen door. "It was deep. I could see the bone," he recalls, examining the scar as if approaching its mystery for the first time. "It's weird 'cause the whole event—one of pain in his life—Lepage has been branded by a scar that could serve as his signature."

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FILMS

daps, 300,000 viewers watched 100 films from 65 countries. After years of friction between the two festivals over strict dance, drama, Toronto no longer accepts ticket sales. It offers a similar movie, showing 200 films from 30 countries over 10 days.

But the Toronto festival, with its renowned array of programming, is more selectively curated than Montreal, a festival that has been run since its inception by the National Film Board of Canada. And, unlike Montreal, Toronto does not have a slate of movies in official competition, which creates "a more relaxed atmosphere" for the filmmakers, according to its back-track director, Peter Haining. But in Toronto, there is a different kind of competition as filmmakers court the media and the distribution shopping for product.

In Montreal, the scene is on foreign film. Rather than a steady stream of Hollywood stars in appearance by French actor Gerard Depardieu, invited for a special tribute, premiered the weekend this year. Meanwhile, the official competition included two new Quebec features: Robert Morin's *L'Amour* (Nancy Chant), a drama of two survivors on a desert island, and Jean Marc Vallée's *Love and Hate* (Black List), a thriller about political blackmail—both of which are also being screened in Toronto.

In many ways, the two festivals overlap. A wide array of films appear in both—this year, two hits from Canada in *Myopia* (Gee), the runaway hit in the Cannes competition, and *Myopia* (Gee), the runaway hit in the Cannes competition. *Myopia* (Gee) is a documentary about a Italian actress that takes her to Italy. And *Myopia* (Gee) is a documentary about a Italian actress that takes her to Italy. And *Myopia* (Gee) is a documentary about a Italian actress that takes her to Italy.

Other movies showing at both festivals include *The Ghost*, a new work by 81-year-old Italian master Michelangelo Antonioni, who selected it from his new series of autobiographical short stories about romance and carnal desire. *La Haine* (Hate), a controversial French film about pitched battle between race police and ethnics in a Paris suburb and *Platoon* a Bangladesh film made by Spanish director Carlos Saura.

The American movies popping up at the two festivals tend to be more edgy than by

Kristin to Myopia: Glee in Montreal the scene is an foreign film

cal Hollywood fare. Among them are Georgia, starring Jennifer Jason Leigh in a *Myopia* performance as a self-destructive singer in the indie-film movie *The United States*, a literary thriller movie with Stephen Baldwin and Gabriel Byrne, and *Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead*, a light-gauge piece with Andy Garcia and Christopher Walken.

Meanwhile, Toronto's exclusive lineup includes Woody Allen's comedy *Mighty Aphrodite*, in which he plays a failed looking for the mother of his adopted son. Sex's *Peep Show* (The Opening Guard), a drama starring Jack Nicholson and Anthony Hopkins, and *Gas Van* (The Van) (The Van), a Mark comedy film in Toronto with Nicole Kidman and Matt Dillon. Other highlights include Carl Franklin's *Dead in the Water*, a film noir starring Denzel Washington, and *Face/Off*, an anthology of interviews takes us in a hotel room and directed by a regional gallery of regional Americans, including Quentin Tarantino (Paul Patton) and Robert Rodriguez (Zepherus).

The hotel-selling hotel in the Toronto festival, however, is *Hotel & Hotel—Last*, a gala stage show in which all American thanks Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert will celebrate their own 20th anniversary on TV more critics. It would be hard to find two more glowing symbols of the kind of consumer-based movie culture from which film festivals are supposed to provide a refuge.

But despite its Hollywood facade and corporate veneer, the Toronto festival continues to unveil new films from Latin America, Asia and Africa. With its Perspective Canada program—and its policy of trying to open each year with a Canadian movie—it also remains the country's most important launching pad for local filmmakers. "It's extremely well-regarded and has a lot of prestige," observes LePage, who knows that opening *La Haine* opened in Toronto will not win him friends in Montreal. "But he says, 'you can't make anything without breaking eggs'."

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

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BOOKS

Prisoner of love

A poetic novel burns with adulterous obsession

OTHER WOMEN

By Zeynep Lasa
(Random House, 1997 pages, \$25)

Evelyn Lasa was only 18 when she made her occasional writing debut with the best-selling *Rainway: Diary of a Street Kid*, a raw account of her experiences as a drug user and prostitute. Adapted into a CBC movie, which aired last year, it received attention more for its salacious detail than as literary merit. But the precocious Vancouver author went on to quickly demonstrate her serious intent as a writer. In the five years since *Rainway* appeared, Lasa has published three books of poetry and one short-fiction collection. And she has earned considerable distinction for these poems and stories, many of which, like *Rainway*, draw on the world and harrowing life of the streets. In 1992, Lasa became the youngest poet ever to be nominated for a Governor General's Award. Now, in her

mid-career first novel, *Other Women*, the 36-year-old author moves on from the shady, sexy world of prostitutes, but continues to explore the pain and passion of adulterous love.

Other Women is the story of Fiona, a talented twenty-two-year-old artist who becomes obsessed with Raymond, a married executive in his 40s. The lovers, who never actually consummate their relationship, meet in anonymous cities in a series of nondescript hotels, bars and apartments. Their obscure backdrop highlights the vivid intensity of Fiona's feelings. For Raymond, a passion that is heightened with precise, poetic detail "It was the scent at the back of your neck, where tiny, fanned curls sprang like little eels," writes Lasa. She presents a convincing and

convincing portrayal of a lover's obsession as the narrative, like Fiona's compulsive thoughts, circles back again and again to her fantasies and memories of an increasingly distant Raymond.

Set, inevitably, in 1996—the Year of the Family—*Other Women* is decidedly contemporary. Fiona's friends wear Doc Martens and flirty slip dresses and hang out in trendy juice bars. But Fiona, who lacks interest in everything and everybody but Raymond, appears to have a lot in common with the shallow romance heroines of an earlier era. "I knew I was not independent," she says. Lasa seems to acknowledge that it is difficult to sympathize with Fiona. The heroine once thought that women who fell in love with married men were "stupid."

There was something lusty nonetheless about their greed, something repellent about their loneliness." Now, she feels that they are not to blame. It is "the way love is" at the end of the novel, Fiona is brooding over what might have been. A reader might wonder if the novel's heroine will eventually find a worthy lover, and the author, a stronger subject.

SHARON DOYLE DRIEDGER



Lasa: pain and intensity

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COMING INTO HER OWN



Vanessa-Mae: Having lots of fun

She has been called a child prodigy, but violinist Vanessa-Mae laughs at that description. "I realize that people like to attach labels, so I don't really pay much attention to that," says the 16-year-old artist. By the time she was 13, Mae had performed some of the most prestigious and difficult classical works—including recording both the Tchaikovsky and Beethoven violin concertos. But with the release of her fourth and latest album, the London-based Vanessa-Mae, whose full name is Vanessa-Mae Vanakorn Nicholson, says she feels that she is finally coming into her own. On *The Violin Player*, which hit No. 2 on the British pop charts, she plays two types of violins—classical and electric—and uses them to combine pop and classical sounds. "I love all kinds of music from Beethoven to *The Beatles*, Mozart and Michael Jackson, and I have had this kind of music in mind for a long, long time," says Vanessa-Mae. "Music should be fun and I have to admit that I am having a lot of fun with this." Roll over, Beethoven.

PEOPLE

A MARKETING ASSAULT

There is more to singer-songwriter **Jeff Buckley** than meets the ear. He has a reputation as a laid-back beach bum, even after 24 hours in 23 years, his most famous song is still *Grace*. And, about a bottle of tequila and a lost statue of oak. But *Forbes*, the authoritative New York City-based business magazine, earlier this year ranked Buckley as one of the two most marketable entertainers in the world. In 1994, he earned more than \$60 million from his recording, concert, restaurant and merchandise ventures. The Miami-based musician has also written four books. Buckley, who proudly talks about his ancestry from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, says he appreciates the fascination of his followers, known as Parthians because of the flamboyant clothing they wear to his concerts. "When I try something new," he says, "they're willing to give it a shot." Still, the fans also like to hear his old tunes. Says Buckley: "If they're going to hang around for the new songs, then I'm going to keep searching for that lost statue of oak for as long as they want me to." *Forbes* on



Buckley: All the rage, a heady tequila

TAKING THE HEAT

It's a long way from Woodrow's lunch counter to the White House kitchen, but Walter Scheib made the journey one burger flip at a time. Now, 37 years after starting as a department store short-order cook, Scheib, 41, knows how Bill Clinton likes his meat beef done. But, in cooking circles of elite confidentiality, Scheib refuses to spill the beans about the Clinton family's favorite foods. "Believe it or not, the Clintons are good normal folks and their diet is a very normal one," Scheib said recently while in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., during an annual gathering



Meats, Monks, Scheib: princely appetites

of 30 chefs to royalty and heads of state. Scheib, who bested hundreds of applicants for the job in 1994, and the screening process included having to whip up something for Hillary Clinton. José Menéndez 50, chef to *Acen* and *Allen Christian*, said that he can appreciate the pressure that Scheib was under. Still, he said that having the First Lady as a breakfast guest at 24 Sussex Drive in February was more intimidating than any state dinner that he has prepared. But who does the cooking when the chefs to monarchs and presidents go home at night? *Lionel Mann*, a chef to *Queen Elizabeth II* for the past 35 years, says he prefers to leave his work at the palace. "My wife does most of the cooking."

FROM THE LAW TO LAUGHS

Cynthia Dale has been acting since the age of 8, when she performed in the chorus of *Pinet's Rainbow* at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto. Now 34, Dale has had plenty of time to discover prices plus about show business in general and the risk of being typical at particular. Although she played the convincing lawyer *Olivia Benson* on CBC-TV's *Street Legal* from

Dale: different characters



1989 to 1994, Dale says she has subsequently had no difficulty in landing other sorts of parts. "If people only want me to be Olivia, I don't want to work with them," she added, while on a break recently on her set of a made-for-television movie. At the *Midnight Hour*, in which she plays a blind girlfriend. Later this month her

Edited by Barbara Wilkerson

680 News

ALL NEWS RADIO

A star is born

In his new memoirs, Pierre Berton describes how TV brought him fame—and fortune



THE MACLEIN'S EXPERT

In 1947, a *whirlwind* swept into the Toronto editorial office of Maclean's magazine to the form of Pierre Berton, a book 29-year-old son of the Yukon who had made his name as a reporter for The Vancouver Sun. A large, loudmouthed man, endlessly energetic and indefatigable, Berton raised eyebrows among some of his more reserved colleagues, but captured them as well as says that made it clear he was destined for greater things. As he established himself as an exceptionally talented magazine writer and editor, he also began to dabble in the media that would make him a household name in Canada—books and television. Berton released his first book, *The Boyal Family*, in 1954, launching a writing career that has, in the past 40 years, led to 1957 he turned to TV, appearing in the CBC's two most popular shows, *Close-Up*, a public affairs program that ran on Sunday evenings for six years, and *Front Page Challenge*, which aired production only that year.

In My Times, the newly published second volume of his memoirs, Berton recounts how television changed his life.

By the spring of 1968 I was well launched as a housegrown celebrity, subject to the fierce, almost awe thrown on those of us sustained by the new medium. We're doing a review of what celebrities read for breakfast. Is Berton, could you spare a few minutes?

We're doing a piece about what celebrities read for Christmas. Can you help us out?

We're doing a survey for the Saturday page about what celebrities read. Can you tell us the last book you bought?

It was a remarkable transformation. In the summer of 1957, in spite of a hundred articles for Maclean's, in spite of my regular appearances on CBC Radio's Court of Opinion, in spite of an award-winning book, in spite of sporadic appearances on television, I was not widely recognized by the general public. One year later, I was a name in bold face in newspaper columns, the subject of word-of-mouth magazine articles (some leading to an appointment), and a perceived source of opinion on any human problem (often's year now an explicit endorsement... enthusiasm?... "well-guided"... "member on TV"... etc., etc., etc., invited to judge beauty contests, to appear on licensed panels, to endorse other people's

Backyard with permission from My Times: Living with History, 2007-1990, copyright Pierre Berton, published by Doubleday Canada Ltd. Toronto



books, to act as an honorary member at the honorary executive for a dozen honorary causes. Strangers on the street writing my hand sometimes mistake me for someone they knew. Soon I had to stop riding the Toronto subway because there was too much comment, some of it derogatory. "What are you doing on the subway?" one man asked me accurately, as if I had arrived by wheelchair. On the other hand, I did not have to wait for a table at a fancy restaurant or a room at a hotel.

For a journalist, there are advantages to being well-known. People returned my phone calls. I no longer needed to explain who I was. The wheels who would once have given me the cold shoulder now seemed to be retrieved. However, I was soon forced to choose between continuing an unimpressive career as Canada's national spokesman or pursuing a second career in broadcasting.

It began when Maclean's associate editor Sidney Kalin invited me to write a memo to the publisher, the president of Maclean-Harter, explaining that he was thinking of going into commercial television and asking what the rules were for such a move by a company employee.

What rules? There weren't any. No one had thought about rules, and I tried to explain to him that when there are no rules you don't stick the best by asking for them. A good many Maclean's

House employees were appearing on various CBC public affairs programs. They hadn't asked for rules. Sid had no specific programs in mind and, in fact, never did appear on commercial TV. But he was reluctant.

I'm sure that my own high profile on the CBC's two most popular programs was a factor. I seemed to be popping up on the tube almost as if I lived at the CBC headquarters on Jarvis Street. I had been scrupulous in keeping my TV shows from interfering with my work for Maclean's. *Close-Up* was produced on the weekend. I worked my research on Saturday, turned up at the studio early Sunday evening, and was home by 10. *Front Page Challenge* was produced live on Monday nights after the dinner hour. It took no more than two hours of my time.

There were meetings at the executive level as a result of Sid's memo. Finally the company issued a new set of rules. No employee could appear on any television program without being identified with the magazine for which he or she worked, and no employee could appear on any commercial program unless the sponsor also advertised in the magazine for which he or she worked.

There was only one member of the great Maclean-Harter family who was affected by these rules. I was always clearly identified as managing editor of

Maclean's on two of my three programs. Court of Opinion and Front Page Challenge. But Sid was, my producer said, the only one who was to play Maclean's as a third program and I left that out of their wasn't had. But rules were rules, and those had to be inflexible. I think Chalmers expected me to invade under and remain exclusively with the company. Two or three months earlier, indeed, Henderson, editor of The Toronto Star had made an attractive approach to me about a job. But I told him I was content where I was. I would have been happy to stay on as managing editor forever, but now I had no intention of leaving to Chalmers's dictation. The company had a good price on me, but it didn't cover me 24 hours a day.

And so, early in August, 1958, with my wife, Janet, already in labor with the baby who proved to be Paul, our fifth child, I walked into the office of Ralph Allen, the editor of Maclean's, and told him I was quitting. After the baby was born, I went over to Wilkes Hospital and broke the news to Janet.

Some time later, when I turned up at Studio Four, the old Perce-Arrow showroom on Yonge Street that was Front Page Challenge's television home, I was astonished to find Sid Katz in the makeup room.

"What're you doing here?" I asked.

"It's a good game life," he told me.

I was flabbergasted. "What about the rules?" I asked him. "Lever Brothers [the program's sponsor] doesn't advertise in Maclean's."

"Oh, those rules," said Sidney. "They changed those rules some time ago."

Berton went to the States, where he produced a daily column while continuing his TV career and writing books.

The hard fact is that a Canadian journalist, if he is to support a growing family and an expanding house, must use every talent he has. A best-selling author south of the border, or a bygone columnist, or a radio star, or a television preacher could do only that one thing and still make a fortune. In Canada, it is necessary to have several stunts in one's belt. I was no longer poor, but I had no growing children. We needed more bedrooms, more bathrooms, more of everything. I needed a place to write at home, and all this meant more expense, add

Berton at his desk at Maclean's in 1949 (left); in Seoul during the Korean War in 1951; the Great West Express



Now there was more to it than that, of course. As a child of the Great Depression, I worried about the bottom line. What if I lost? Would there be enough for Janet? What if I fell sick and couldn't work? how would we live? Anyone raised in the Thirties will understand this preoccupation with financial security. So Janet was recycling the leftover vegetable garbage into a compost pile, so I was recycling my own work—padding collections of columns between bad covers and hoping to benefit from what would soon become known in television circles as "spinoffs."

Someone once said that I had taken more gold out of the Klondike than any prospector. There were some truths in that. One week, *Klondike* (the 1950 history of the Gold Rush starring the late 1899), had produced a series of spinoffs ranging from magazine articles to films. I was being called the Great Recycler, and I could not quarrel with the epithet.

In 1981 I proposed to recycle more material into a five-minute television broadcast. I paid for the pilot, I shot, like my column, *The Pierre Bertrix Show*, and edited it around until it caught the eye of Steve Kozma, then the top producer in Canada for Screen Gems, a subsidiary of Columbia Pictures. It didn't occur to me to get any money up front. I was to be co-producer but would receive a slice of the net profits. Steve Kozma, whose wife Judith, wrote *Paris for Dummies* and would later become a best-selling novelist, sold the idea to several TV stations. The show was really successful and my duty for about \$6,000 a week. It was not terribly controversial, although when I suggested that Prince Charles marry a black African to prove that the Commonwealth wasn't racist, there was a reaction. In Vancouver, that harbor of cynicism, one local columnist declared: "There are a lot of people in town who are loyal mad as Pierre Bertrix."

The program clearly made a profit for Screen Gems, but not for me. Probe? There weren't any because of the Hollywood system of creative bookkeeping. When I approached Steve Kozma about this he simply shrugged and said: "Well, you wanted to own the show." My ego had got the better of my business sense. I had learned a valuable, if expensive, lesson. When dealing with businessmen, never take a percentage of the net. There never is a net.

No matter. My contact with Screen Gems led to a new career. The company was interested enough in the five-minute spots to think of me in broader terms. Screen Gems agreed that I should be a little-



Interviewing Yukon poet Robert Service for *Close-Up* in 1958: the Front Page Challenge crew in 1989. (shot up)

night talk-and-tell news show along the lines that Jack Paar was pioneering in the United States. Herb Sorenson, an old pro who had been responsible for NBC's *World of Sport*, was brought in as executive producer. CFMT, the local TV outlet, bought the concept. The program was to be one hour in length at 11:30 p.m. one night a week, and would be launched in the fall. I balked, however, when my producer, Bonnie McLennan, asked me to give the program any of those bloodless names—*Talked*, *Close-Up*, *Talkshow*, *Goodie*—that were so demoralizing. To the CBC, television ideas were useless and interchangeable, if one doesn't write, get another. As a result, the program themselves tended to be devoid of personality. There was tremendous resistance, not only on Sorenson's part, but also from the

press and critics, so I guess they'll have to do."

Another member of the team asked me about sunshine in the North. I told him that for sex work he shouldn't show. I told them that, as a child, I remembered the moonlight glinting on the snow.

"We can't be using snow," one of the young news said. "Snow's too expensive."

"How'd you like the snow we used in the pilot?" I was asked.

I said I liked it, because when there wasn't any snow in the North there was usually plenty of mud, especially in the spring. I said I hated they would use plenty of mud.

"You know what real costs?" Conrad asked. "It costs seven thousand dollars just for one episode. We can't afford any more mud."

To cheer him up, I told him I'd flood the place. The cameras, especially, were authentic. I had one small suggestion, everybody in these days sported a handkerchief. It would add authenticity if the camera were mounted there.

"I'm afraid not," he said. "If we put handkerchiefs in everybody the viewers will think it's a comedy."

And that was the end of my technical advice. Conrad and his colleagues told me I'd been absolutely invaluable, and they'd like to have me back at the same time for another short-lived session. But they didn't ask me again.

'Slowly, I began to learn my craft, and not to interrupt, unless the guest was a bloody bore'

Canadian executives. Finally, after one of those arguments, Herb Sorenson took me aside and said: "Call it *The Pierre Bertrix Show* and watch on that title. That way they can't fire you."

Sorenson, a warm and efficient man, was often driven to desperation by Canadian executives. He said to me once, when Screen Gems was trying to sell the show to independent stations: "This is the critical country here. I am an American involved with a company producing American TV shows, trying to sell Canadian stations that they ought to buy a Canadian show, and here are the Canadians arguing against it. They'd rather have an Americanized series. Don't let it end up sounding like a Canadian network! How can it possibly be?"



How [afraid]? I would like to

think that *The Pierre Bertrix Show* was sold entirely on its merits, but the facts, I believe, were different. If it had not been for the 55-per-cent Canadian content rule, there would have been no show at all.

The statistics of that first year of production confirm me when I read them: We produced 185 hours of television with 456 different guests, 70 per cent of whom were Canadian, and 183 were new faces never seen before on the small screen. There had been nothing like it before in Canada. The TV network picked up the show after the new year and moved the time back to 11 p.m., a difficult move because it was seen opposite the afternoon *East Canadian* reading the CBC news, but we made news ourselves, largely because of the calibre of our guests, who ranged from Lester Pearson to my mother. My own performance as a host was modest, and I knew it. It was called "a bloody bore," "bumpum," "consciously dull and hard," "gnatsy, trite, at its core and downright best." On my first reading with Pearson, there is opposition. Nathan Cohen wrote in *The Toronto Star*: "Mr. Pearson did his best, but to make Pierre Bertrix relax his sight." He showed tact and patience, even though his host's mental persistence made much of the hour a strain. "I couldn't disagree with these assessments. I knew I would have to learn the hard way, making as use of myself as I knew in front of hundreds of thousands of viewers."

At the outset I found it impossible to concentrate. The ability to hear without engaging mental gears—while the camera circle looks on your yammers, while a man with small suggestion, every body gets (only 30 camera bps), while a disinterested voice in your ear whispers that *Camera 2* has gone 30-40—this ability is the most difficult of

all techniques to absorb. It was some time before I was able to bypass myself into a state of concentration and shut off all extraneous noise and movement so that I could give undivided attention to the one aspect of television that really matters—personal content.

I was also criticized, quite correctly, for talking too much and for interrupting the guests—"knocking them out," in one critic's phrase. "It's a show-up which interrupts the conversation and breeds class," wrote Bertrix of the connoisseurship. "But Gorbunov wrote in the *Osborne Citizen*: "The man's presence seemed to be a liability upon his guests to shut up." Slowly, I began to learn my craft, to listen, and not to interrupt, unless the guest was a bloody bore. When living Layton or Michael Mugginger, or James Baldwin or Farley

Mohr was interviewing, I let him talk and I forgot my preoccupied ideas about moving the program along. I had to learn to relax. In those first days, but as the season progressed, so did I. Improvement in this field does not come gradually; it comes in spurts. Suddenly, one day I was far better than I had been the day before.

My relation with Screen Gems had always been informal. One day, Lloyd Perrin, the company's Canadian-born representative, would come up from New York and would settle the contract over a drink. My first five-minute TV show for Screen Gems hadn't earned me a nickel, in my arrogance and naivete I had tried to handle all business arrangements myself. Now, in my naivete, I came to my senses. My New York list my agent, Wells, Wenz, found me a good lawyer, John Frenkel, who agreed to run interference for me. This resulted in the following dialogue when Lloyd Perrin called me from New York.

LLOYD: Perrin, I'll be in town next week and I'm looking forward to getting together with you. By the way, I expect him here, and we can settle the details over a drink.

ME: Hey Lloyd, I'd love to have a drink, but I'm not so good at talking business. Let's leave that to the legal people.

LLOYD: Well, sure, our legal department is working on the documents right now.

ME: That's great, Lloyd. I have my lawyer at New York call me and work it all. You and I don't need to bother ourselves with business details. That's what lawyers are for.

LLOYD: Oh, what lawyer? You don't need a lawyer. Our people can handle all that.

ME: Great, Lloyd. You tell your people to handle it with my lawyer. I'll be looking forward to seeing you all right.

John Frenkel was negotiating an unusual agreement in which Screen Gems contracted to produce 30 weeks of *The Pierre Bertrix Show* annually. One year later, in 1987, the standard television contract was reduced to 26 weeks. As a result of the new contract, I was paid for eight weeks of shows that were never produced. That was the way it would be with us despite producing *The Pierre Bertrix Show* in 1973. There was a delicious irony here. I had started out with Screen Gems working for nothing, while they took a profit. Now they were paying me for not working at all.

Frenkel achieved a few other perks, one of which ensured that I would always travel first-class when the show moved out at Toronto one day, coming up from New York. I ran into Lloyd Perrin at the airport leaving for Toronto on the same service. Screen Gems put him back with the press in a concourse. I moved into first-class and drank champagne. I thought I was being rewarded, but I suspected that, for the first of my life, I had been grossly underpaid, I would never be grossly overpaid during the second half. □

The Hollywood hustle

In Los Angeles to cover the 1980 Democratic convention that nominated John Kennedy as its presidential candidate, Bertrix decided to look into a business interest of his. He visited the Hollywood art scene in 1869 hall, *Klondike*, about the home of the Yukon Gold Rush of the late 1890s, was being turned into a TV series.

I had been hired and paid as a consultant and thought I had better give my pay, even if it was seemed to want to consult me. I was received with open arms by the production group—young, ambitious, hungry for information about the Klondike. As far as I could tell, nobody had read my book. I felt more as a little as "The Detective," William Conrad, a star of the mid-70s TV series, *Cannon*. One of his production assistants produced a notebook, and they all began firing questions at me.

"What's the stage like up there?"

"It was boring forest," I told them. Bertrix, upends, and in a piece.

"Any more or less?" Conrad asked.

"Yes, but for north for those," I explained.

"Too hot," he said. "AB we've got here in Southern California are



Taking modesty to extremes

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

Canadians, as we so often boast, are a modest, self-effacing people. One of the ways we establish our ability to through frequent declarations of our moral superiority over the United States, another is to remind the rest of the world of every superiority that the United Nations, in its annual survey on quality of life in different countries, studies we're No. 1. Whopping our hands about the title of the year nation is a daily condition. The only occasion more satisfying is one of those rare times when others are talking about us. In short, we may be the most immediately modest people we know.

A nation of cheerful hypocrites, perhaps that is why we consider modesty an essential virtue among our political leaders. With the single notable exception of Pierre Trudeau, the most enduring accolades about our most celebrated politicians do not concern acts of grandeur. Rather, they concentrate habitually on modesty. I suspect the leader in question has no longer than anyone else in life. Along with being the Godfather of Confederation, John A. Macdonald is remembered for his powerful thrust for rum, gin and anything else stronger than water. Louis St. Laurent, who presided over the most difficult period in the country's history, became known as the ultimate Everyman, "Uncle Louis." Lester Pearson, our former colleague recalls, used to interrupt meetings in the Prime Minister's Office whenever his wife, Marygrove, called. He could then be heard philosophically repeating "two parts of milk, one loaf of bread" as the rest of the grocery list to him.

In more recent times, modesty is still the best policy. On the provincial level, Ontario's Bill Davis, one of the most successful politicians in history, was Brampton 80th, personally his home town, a place seen as being so safe and benign it will, our national magazine, *Time*, leverage, perhaps in the most belated personal political history.

Alan Robertson is an anglophone.

The most enduring anecdotes about Canada's most celebrated leaders are the ones that show them to be no larger than anyone else

turned vice and vulnerability into virtues, has embarrassed during fiscal confrontations and chain smoking evoked amusement and affection for many then apprehensive.

Flowers and leaders with modesty only enhance the political image. Trudeau was never more popular than after his marriage breaking when he became, for the first time the man who did not have everything. Robert Bourassa finally achieved widespread adoration in Quebec more than 30 years after first entering public life when he consciously endorsed a very public bout with potentially deadly nachos. Brian Mulroney, of course, provides a reverse example of the importance of modesty. Mulroney, as generous, charming and probably lazier as private, remained in a political, peacemaking caricature at the sight of an audience. A favorite enduring memory is of his visit to Moscow in 1989 when, rather than walk less than 200 m, he waited for more than 10 minutes to be driven for about 20 seconds by helicopter accompanied by a long motorcade—a ceremony celebrating the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War.

All of which leads to Prime Minister Jean Chretien, Ontario Premier Mike Harris and Alberta Premier Ralph Klein. They are as

usually the most popular politicians in Canada today, and they have more in common than a passion for deficit reduction and cutting the size of government. All three have built long and successful careers based on straight talk, mellow/fake windy—and repeatedly exceeding low expectations.

Chretien, Klein and Harris understand that in today's debased politics, it is better to just say "No," and thereby respect the intelligence of paid voters, than to hide beyond buzzwords that everyone understands all too well. In their opinion who doesn't now know that "retrospect" and "reform" are government synonyms for "rednecks"? Points, then, go to Harris, who did not abdicate when he announced massive cuts in payments to municipalities. The reduction, he said, would be akin to an "amputation."

All three have discovered that in politics, small really is beautiful. Chretien will forever be the Little Guy from Shuswap even though he has not lived there full time for more than three decades. Never mind that as private, Chretien knows to classical music and has a highly sophisticated knowledge of art: it is his understated explains that his media handlers talk about. Similarly, try to find a newspaper profile that does not at least once refer to Klein as a "notorious television reporter"—although he has not been one for more than 20 years—or Harris as a "former golf pro," although he was first elected in Quebec's 1981.

Chretien may be the first prime minister in this century who doesn't need being seen drinking a beer that would have been considered too libelous in the first half of the century, and too libelous in the latter half. One time, hours before leaving on his trip to Asia last fall, Chretien was thirsty and restless. He had his driver take him over to Hault where he dropped onto a bar. Klein, of course, doesn't need being seen drinking many beers. There are still many some voters who drink more than libelous against it.

And there is golf. Harris endorses jokes about his handicap for it with equanimity because they are true. Chretien plays the game with a fiery passion—and with anyone, any where. He has been out early most mornings on Ottawa golf courses this summer. Many times, this writing is making up a insurance have been started to find the Prime Minister. Canada's leading insurance before then, adding if they "wouldn't mind if I sued you." When he lets a bad shot, he is visibly angry, and sometimes his indignant ball at its place. "Just to show I can do it." Even people who have never played golf can understand the frustration.

So beer and golf as the recipe for political success in the 1990s? No, but they give us all three leaders the set of people who would be comfortable down-to-earth neighbors. Do good neighbors make good politicians? Not necessarily, but their mistakes are easier to forgive. The real reason for politicians to be down-to-earth success is that he blunt and acknowledge your flaws, or count on voters to remind you of them.

Anthony Wilson-Smith is a Maclean's Ottawa Editor.

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